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LIFE AND DEATH.

THREE SONNETS.

I.

O LIFE! O Death! Ye dread mysterious
 twain,
 Baffling us from the cradle to the bier;
 Phantoms that fill our souls with strange,
 vague fear,
 Elusive as the forms that haunt the brain
 Of the sick raver. Question we in vain
 The lore of all the ages, sage and seer,
 To answer why and who ye are, and clear
 The clouds that round you evermore remain.
 Whence come ye? Whither go ye? None
 may say—
 One leads man walking in an idle show
 Along the myriad paths of joy and woe
 To where the other waits to bear away
 The enfranchised soul, that chartless ocean
 o'er,
 To the dim land whence man returns no more.

II.

O Life! O Death! How good ye are and fair,
 As, luminous in the glory of God's love,
 Ye stand revealed his angels from above!
 Angels we've entertained, though unaware,—
 The janitors that wait our souls to bear
 Through either gate of being; not to rove
 Unguided, but in course prescribed to move,
 Fixed as the planets' paths that roll through
 air.
 In Christ's "dear might," your Lord and ours,
 now bold
 With reverent courage, lo! the veil we raise
 Erst wrapped around you, and with wonder-
 ing gaze
 Your solemn beauty undismayed behold,
 No more dread mysteries, our souls to scare,
 Making life vanity and death despair.

III.

Life is no sleepless dream, as poets sing:
 Death is no dreamless sleep, as sophists say,
 A deeper wisdom tells us, brothers they,
 Loving, though parted until time shall bring
 The twain together in their journeying,
 To part no more, on that supremest day,
 When heaven and earth and time shall pass
 away,
 And Christ shall reign o'er all as God and
 king.
 Yet, till they meet, there stands a third be-
 tween,
 A brother, like yet differing from each,
 And he is SLEEP, whose mission is to teach
 What life's and death's less mysteries may
 mean,*
 Till, life's watch o'er, we "fall on sleep," to
 spring
 To deathless life through Death's awakening.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

Blackwood's Magazine.

* Ὑπνός τὰ μικρὰ τοῦ θανάτου μυστήρια.
 Menander.

THE WINDS OF GOD.

Blow, soft spring wind!
 Out of the amber west, when down the sky
 The shadows slowly creep, and Heaven's lit
 lamps
 Speak ev'ning nigh!
 Fan with thy living breath the rousing earth,
 And let thy voice tell to all drowsy hearts
 The year's new birth!

Blow, summer wind!
 When, after days of drought and sullen heat,
 Out of the heaped-up clouds there comes a
 sound
 Like echoing feet!
 While from the distance, borne on breezy
 wings,
 The rain descending on the thirsty plain,
 Its beauty flings!

Blow, autumn wind!
 Out on the yellow woods and stubble lands,
 Stir the brown brake and scatter thistledown
 With myriad hands!
 Sleep after labor, after turmoil rest:
 By strength and weakness, yea, by life and
 death,
 The world is blest!

Blow, winter wind!
 Out o'er the tumbling sea roll cloud and mist;
 Roar through bare branches, striking wizard
 notes
 Where'er you list!
 Driving the ships; and in and out of all
 Working God's will—who, from the frozen
 seas,
 Came at his call!

Blow, breath divine!
 Beyond the depths of the uncounted host,
 Beyond the mystic circle of the sky,
 Come, Holy Ghost!
 Lo! hatred, blasphemy, and sin aspire
 To raise their devil-thrones amid the gloom,
 Come, quenchless fire!
 Yea! and the world is buried still in night,
 And loud and long thy watchmen warn in
 vain—
 Come, living light!

Argosy.

LOVE'S HERALDS.

THERE is no summer ere the swallows come;
 Nor Love appears
 Till Hope, Love's light-winged herald, lifts
 the gloom
 Of years.

There is no summer left when swallows fly;
 And Love at last—
 When hopes, which filled its heaven, droop
 and die—

Is past.

Spectator.

F. W. B.

From The London Quarterly Review.

SENIOR'S CONVERSATIONS.*

WHEN a man of sound judgment and much experience has exceptional opportunities of gauging the views of distinguished foreigners, and when those foreigners obligingly turn themselves inside out for his behoof; when, moreover, this man makes it a point to put down carefully every word spoken on both sides during his conversations, the result cannot fail to be both valuable and interesting.

Mr. Nassau Senior had the *entrée* of the first French society. He was the personal friend of Thiers and Guizot, and many other of the foremost men who stood aloof from Louis Napoleon. Montalembert would correct for publication a speech which Senior had taken down in the Chamber; Thiers would add, in his own hand, an explanatory note to the record of one of their conversations. But, though his friends lay mainly among the opposition, he saw a good deal of the other side — Prince Napoleon, for instance, and Lord Cowley, whose personal friendship for the emperor made many Frenchmen very sore, because it seemed to be combined with distrust of them as a nation. He was in a position to judge impartially; and, though his own bias was strong, we may be sure it never led him to warp the truth.

We shall devote most space to the two new volumes, partly because the others have doubtless been in the hands of many of our readers, and partly because these deal most exclusively with what we

take to be Senior's chief work: to show what the mind of France really thought of that remarkable government — remarkable in so many ways — which came to an end at Sedan.

But even these last volumes are not limited to this. We have plenty about French character from a Frenchman's point of view; we have Barrot (who agrees with Mr. Senior in preferring Said Pacha's rule to that of the emperor) explaining at great length how Lamartine's obstinate vanity ruined the monarchy by preventing the regency of the Duchess of Orleans; we have Duvergier pointing out how the empire was the work of the extreme left, who thought that if Louis Napoleon overturned the constitution they could easily overturn him and set up a red republic; we have the speakers all agreeing that, if Italy is united, France must have compensation, and that it had better be on the Rhine. We have, too, something in the latest volumes, and a good deal more in those which preceded them, about the Revolution of 1830. In fact, to any one who wishes to understand the last fifty years of French history, the characters and feelings of the actors, and the secret springs of action, all the volumes are invaluable. Imaginary conversations are always open to the charge that the writer, like the showman in Punch, provides not only the words on both sides, but the thoughts. Here, we have the *ipsissima verba* of men who were actively engaged in the matters which they discussed, and whose position and influence gave them a right to be accepted as authorities.

Mr. Senior does not attempt to play Boswell to those with whom he conversed; he does not analyze their minds or discuss their motives, but simply leaves them to make the best of their own case. Nor, except in the case of the long talks with Thiers, which fill a large part of the earlier volumes, is there anything like sequence. Thiers had a way of taking up a conversation where it had been dropped — of making his talk, *i.e.*, even more like a book than is the case with Frenchmen in general. The other speakers just deal with the topic of the day:

* 1. *Conversations in Paris from 1848 to 1852 with M. Thiers, M. Guizot, and others.* By W. NASSAU SENIOR. Two Vols. Hurst and Blackett. 1871.

2. *Conversations with M. Thiers, M. Guizot, and other Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire.* By the late W. NASSAU SENIOR. Edited by his Daughter, M. C. M. SIMPSON. Two Vols. Hurst and Blackett. 1878.

3. *Conversations with Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire from 1860 to 1863.* By the late W. NASSAU SENIOR, Master in Chancery, Professor of Political Economy, Membre Correspondant de l'Institut de France, etc., etc. Edited by his Daughter, M. C. M. SIMPSON. Two Vols. Hurst and Blackett. 1880.

4. *Journals kept in Ireland during the Years 1846-7.* By WILLIAM NASSAU SENIOR, Professor of Political Economy, etc., etc. Longmans. 1856.

and the result is a medley which, in spite of the full table of contents, is sometimes a little vexatious to the reader, who wants the help of an index, and would gladly sacrifice some of the freshness of the work for a little arrangement.

Of all the famous men who appear in these volumes Thiers is on the whole the most remarkable* and the most typically French. He draws his own portrait as the testy little Republican who said of himself: "I am naturally absolute. It is with difficulty I can tolerate the opposition of my colleagues; but of all things, that which I can least support is the dictation of a mob." How he showed this in his outrageous proclamations during the Commune, when he placarded every village with abuse of those *bêtes fauves*, those cowardly monsters in human form, as he called the Communards! If all that these Frenchmen say of themselves were as true as that, we should have here the truest set of portraits ever given to the world. "The cornerstone of my policy," says Thiers, "has always been the English alliance;" and then he goes on to show why he valued it — "because, allied to England, we might in a month be in Berlin and Vienna." As Senior reminds him, he nearly sacrificed it in 1840 on the Egyptian question.

Again: "I have sacrificed my whole life to the English alliance. I always believed that the civilization of Europe depends on it. If it had existed in 1848, the Continent would not have endured one year of anarchy to be succeeded by many of despotism. . . . My veracity ought not to be doubted, for I have sacrificed to this alliance the two great objects of public life — power and popularity. I have seen it destroyed by men whom, with all their faults, I admired and liked — Louis Philippe and Palmerston. I have seen it re-established by a man whom I hate and despise."

Thiers's temper was irrepressible; Louis Philippe sent for him on February 24th, 1848, when his throne was tottering to its fall, and even at such a moment

the little man could not control himself. Louis Philippe calmed him by letting him have everything his own way: "Whatever is arranged you must be chief; you are the only one of the set that I can trust." "That suits me," replied Thiers, "for I have resolved never again to enter a Cabinet of which I am not the head."

The new Cabinet, we know, was still-born. No change at the last could overcome the bourgeoisie's distrust of the king, whom they looked on as not only *fin et rusé* but *fourbe*; nor did Bugeaud have what he longed for: *le plaisir de tuer beaucoup de cette canaille*. Thiers, who was several times under fire during this eventful day, showed himself a cleverer manager than Bugeaud. The latter had sent a regiment of Chasseurs de Vincennes for ammunition. "Nonsense," cried Thiers, "you've deprived us of one of our best regiments, and in three hours regiment and ammunition will be in the insurgents' hands. You should have sent artillerymen disguised as peasants in boats full of wood or stones, and in two hours you might have had the ammunition in the Louvre." Bugeaud, in fact, though he was called "the first general in Europe," lost his head. The feeling that he was the most unpopular man in Paris — more so even than Prime Minister Guizot — may have unnerved him. His troops fraternized almost *en masse* with the people.

Thiers was just as unceremonious by-and-by with Louis Napoleon as he had been with the Orleans family. When the Pretender brought him the address which he had published while canvassing for the presidency, Thiers told him it was detestable, full of socialism and bad French, and sent him away to try and write a new one.

"The English," said Thiers, during one of the few desultory conversations, which are the pleasantest of any, "are the only people I respect; the Italians the only people I love." And then he goes on to attack primogeniture: "Not for all your wealth and all your civilization would I submit to it. It makes half your gentlemen exiles, half your ladies old maids. It forces you to make slaves of a hundred

* In the first series on our list he is H, Guizot being Z, Miss Simpson's rule being to give letters instead of names when people are yet living.

million Hindoos to enable an English younger son to consume the revenue which would have fed fifty native families, and to bring back a proconsular fortune." Here he is (as often happens to him) delightfully beside the mark. "India," Senior reminds him, "is the appanage of the bourgeoisie, who are quite unstained by the vice of primogeniture." But Thiers, un baffled, goes on to contrast the poverty of English art collections with the art riches of Paris, especially the engravings in the Louvre. "With all your wealth, and all your intelligence, and all your efforts, you have not yet succeeded in becoming eminent in art as inventors, or even as possessors;" and then he begins to glorify France as uncompromisingly as if he was Victor Hugo himself, putting the French cathedrals at the head of Gothic architecture, extolling the façade of the Louvre above the great temple of Paestum, setting Racine above Homer and Virgil, "whom he most resembles, in short, above all I know — your Shakespeare, whom I read only in translations, I cannot compare him with." This is worth quoting, it is so characteristic: "What a nation is France! How mistaken in her objects, how absurd in her means, yet how glorious is the result of her influence and her example! I do not say that we are a happy people; I do not say that we are good neighbors, but after all we are the salt of the earth. . . . Two or three thousand years hence, when civilization has passed on its westward course, and Europe is in the state we now see Asia Minor, and Syria, and Egypt, only two of her children will be remembered — one a sober, well-disposed, good boy, the other a riotous, unmanageable, spoilt child; and I am not sure that posterity will not like the naughty boy best." Better still is Thiers's picture of himself. His love of centralization, his independence of control, come out on every page. He could not bear (he says) to be an English minister; the subordinates are so independent, there are so many local privileges and local authorities. He thinks it grand that every throb of the heart of Paris should be felt in the Pyrenees and on the Rhine. He had a perfect mania

for doing everything himself, his dictum being that Bonaparte nearly lost Marengo because he believed the assurance of three generals that they had carefully examined the Bormida, and that there was no bridge over it. It turned out there were two. Here is a picture of his official life: "When I was preparing for war in 1840 I sat every day for eight hours with the ministers of war, of marine, and of the interior. I always began by ascertaining the state of execution of our previous determinations. I never trusted to any assurances." (Men, he held, were naturally *menteurs, lâches, paresseux*.) "If I was told that letters had been sent, I required a certificate from the clerk who had posted or given them to the courier. If answers had been received, I required their production. I punished every negligence — even every delay. I kept my colleagues and clerks at work all day, and almost all night. We were all of us half killed, more with tension of mind than with bodily work. At night my servants undressed me, took me by the feet and shoulders, and placed me in bed, and I lay there like a corpse till morning. Even my dreams, when I dreamt, were administrative. Besides an iron will and an iron body, this needed indifference to the likes and dislikes of those about me. The sailors at Toulon did not know it was owing to me that their ships were well stored and victualled." Thiers was proud of the impulse which he said he had given to the naval and military administration,* and prophesied that "when the day of trial comes you will find your aristocratic first and second lords, and your gentlemanlike clerks who come at ten and go at four, as incapable of coping with our trained official hierarchy as your militia would be with our Chasseurs de Vincennes." When Senior hinted that it must have been a remarkable education which gave Thiers this force of will and energy of character, he replied that most Frenchmen of his age had had the same.

* Lord Hardinge wrote to Senior: "As a military man, I consider Thiers has more administrative power and knowledge of what is required for an army in the field than any other man in Europe. Had he been in power we should have had the French battering train at Varna; fourteen days ago it had not left Toulon."

His father's trade, and the law business of his mother's family, were ruined by the Revolution. At his father's death he got into a government school, the hardships of which, instead of killing the delicate lad, gave him in two years an iron constitution.

Thiers in 1853 prophesied that even in his lifetime the partition of Turkey would come, that Russia would be mistress of the Black Sea as well as the Baltic, and that then France and England would sink into second-rate powers. So much for the acumen of the first French statesman of modern times, who looked forward to the day when even fashion would fly after power, "not to the Thames, but to the Neva." The prospect of the Crimean war delighted a man who thought France was fallen into a lethargy, and contrasted Frenchmen's modern over-dread of bloodshed with the callousness of the first Napoleon and the brutality of men like Berthier, who thought men were made to be killed. Thiers's only objection to a war for establishing an Italian kingdom as a bar against Austria, and another to the south of the Danube as a bar against Russia, was that, "except Vaillant, the first engineer in Europe, *celui-ci* has not one man whom I would employ as a clerk."

He often reverts to the contrasts between French centralization and English local government.* The latter he has always found means jobbery; in France, too, it is impossible, because France, in the midst of hostile neighbors, must have a master who is instantaneously felt at the extremities. How could the conscription be worked if local interests had to be taken into consideration? "But (asks Senior) can centralization go along with a representative government?" "It is not easy (was the reply) to govern constitutionally a centralized country; but I will not yet admit it to be impossible."

Of Guizot, the stern Huguenot, whose patriarchal life — three generations under one roof — is well described, the portrait is no less complete. We can only find space to note his view of the Crimean war, so different from that of Thiers. He thought it was undertaken in the interest of England, for which he had far less fondness than his rival. "A war with Russia was probably inevitable; but it has come too soon. It is not a war to be

undertaken during a famine by a nation divided into hostile factions, and governed by a usurper, who, by suppressing public opinion has deprived himself of the help of public enthusiasm, whose councils no statesman of high character will enter, and whose armies our best soldiers refuse to command." And then Guizot tells how, when the emperor sent an aide-de-camp to Bedeau, offering commands to him, Lamoricière, and Changarnier, Bedeau answered in the name of all: "If France was struggling for her own interests we would readily serve as privates; but we will accept no commands from you, especially in such a war as this." Guizot, nevertheless, believed the emperor was really a Bonaparte: "his command of temper, his mastery of the *charlatanerie* which carries away the French people, he inherits from his uncle. His manner is exceedingly good, simple, mild, and gentlemanlike; the worst part of it is the false expression of his eye." Guizot was persuaded that, if the emperor lived, he would attempt a large extension of the French frontier. Speaking of his own book on the English commonwealth, he lauded Cromwell's foreign policy: "He found England's foreign relations deplorable, he left them in an admirable position. There is nothing of the parvenu in his correspondence, no autograph letters, no irritating proclamations." Of course the reference here is to the habitual conduct of the emperor, who, every one said, ought to have been less ready with words until he was in something like a state of preparation. We get behind the scenes and learn how it is that the French and English fleets did next to nothing in the Baltic. "Ducos, a mere nobody, who had risen by the intrepidity of his flattery, had promised us ten sail of the line; he had assured the emperor they were ready, and when the time came he had not one ship in sailing order. He begged us to put off the expedition for two months; and, on our refusal, hurried his ships off with raw, incomplete crews in such a condition that it is no wonder scarcely anything was attempted." Thiers was of course sarcastic at such a contrast to the completeness with which he looked into every detail of every department: "This was (he said) insisting on being his own prime minister, and yet he takes the word of men like Ducos for everything."

It is curious that, in 1852, Campan, editor of the *Gironde*, who had just been, without a word of explanation, ordered to

* "Your ruling powers have always been local; with us they have long been cut off from local feelings — the army and the *hommes de lettres*. Who have governed France during the last ten years? Two 'hommes de lettres qui n'avaient pas le sou.'"

Brussels, prophesied mischief to France if she rushed into aggressive war: "Our fate is to be partitioned, or at least diminished; the nephew is not destined to succeed where the uncle failed. The rest of Europe has grown much faster than France has." The appearance of prosperity in that Paris which was in a ferment of pulling down and rebuilding, and where the *nouveaux riches* were rearing palaces as sumptuous as fairy dreams, Rivet and others distrusted. The Duc de Broglie remarked that, except railways, nothing was done which could not be completed in a year or two. "Men build houses, which will be salable in a year, but they don't drain, or reclaim, or plant woods *seris factura nepotibus umbram*; for they fear that fifty years hence grandchildren and forests may both be wanting." France, thought the duke, can support seventy-two million people quite as easily as England can her eighteen millions; "our undeveloped resources are enormous."

Interesting, instructive, but a little monotonous is the talk of these anti-Bonapartists. Lanjuinais prophesies the speedy assassination of the emperor; Dumon groans over the coarse luxury and expensive living; Dussard lamenting, as he points out the tall chimneys beginning to fringe the Seine, that even the clear air of Paris will be lost; Dunoier asserting that all the revolutions in France have been nothing but struggles for public employment: "our government has more than three hundred thousand places to give away in the civil service, yours has perhaps ten thousand;" Villemain (whom the very eclectic Cousin classed among the four masters of style, the others being Tocqueville, G. Sand, and himself) regretting that the French are no longer a reading people, and that French books, unread at home, were sold mostly in Russia and Belgium; Montalembert admitting that eastern France, which suffered most in the old war, was nevertheless the stronghold of Napoleonism.*

Sometimes there is a good deal of natural irritation at our rather too pronounced regard for the emperor: "In 1852 he was a mixture of Danton and Domitian; now, in 1854, he is something greater than Cromwell. Your moral esti-

mates depend on your interests." Still, the general feeling among Senior's associates is favorable to England. Thus Circourt says, in answer to the question, "Do you, like Sydney Smith, think our mission is to make calico?" "England's missions have been many, to introduce into the world representative government and free trade, and to keep alive the embers of European liberty. But your great mission is that foretold by Shakespeare, to found empires, to scatter wide the civilized man. Fifty years hence three or four hundred millions of the most energetic men in the world will speak English. French and German will be dialects, as Dutch and Portuguese are now." France has one merit, that of having in 1789 made the hitherto religious and philosophical doctrine of the natural equality of man a principle of political action. And yet this levelling was not an unmixed blessing; it destroyed all the smaller knots of resistance by which the great central authorities were kept in check. Thus, in Germany (says Mohl) there is less real liberty than there was two hundred years ago, owing to the havoc which the French Revolution made of local institutions: "The Germans hate their own sovereigns and their petty despotisms, but they will accept no French help against them. They will resist any impulse that comes from France."

The only thing that seems to have outwardly moved the impassive Louis Napoleon was Changarnier's rash boast that if a *coup d'état* was attempted he would drag him to Vincennes. Carlier repeated it; and it was never forgotten nor forgiven. Everything about Louis Napoleon (and all the volumes are full of him) is interesting; for, whatever we may think of the man, the strange fact is unaltered, that for more than twenty years he was able to rule one of the first nations of Europe.

Mr. Senior's own opinion was very strong; he speaks of him as "a man who generally has no plan, and when he has one conceals it, and plays the statesman *en conspirateur*." This feeling may have colored his impressions of what he heard; but it could not alter the words. "The very army would have turned against the *coup d'état* (disheartened as it was by the silence and disapprobation of the people on the day before) if some fools had not unadvisedly and prematurely raised barricades on 3rd December, 1851." That is Jules Simon's explanation of Louis Napoleon's initial success. It was a sur-

* When he was canvassing there a peasant said: "Comment veut-on que je ne vote pas pour le monsieur, moi qui ai eu le nez gelé à Moscou?" "Et quand," added his wife, "nous avons eu deux fois la maison pillée?"

prise—a real *coup*; but had there been no opposition the army would not have followed it up. "Why," Mr. Senior sometimes asks, "do you go on living under a government that you hate?" Lanjuinais protests against the idea that abject fear is the cause. "Our submission (he says) is produced by deeper and more generous motives—on the fear lest in attempting to obtain liberty we may endanger civilization;" and he goes on to say that sooner than lose their unrestrained power *celui-ci* and his co-conspirators will treat France as the Austrians treated Gallicia, as Robespierre treated Paris, that they will let loose the passions of the mob, rousing the laborer against the proprietor, the workman against the master, the *peuple* against the well-born. "They threaten us with a general *sansculotterie*; the army combined with the mob would be able to trample Paris under foot." This agrees with the feeling so general among Mr. Senior's friends, that the emperor was at bottom a Socialist, always ready to coquet with those *rouges*, fear of whom had enabled him to make the *coup*. He is said to have been a Carbonaro; and, as a recreant member, to have lived in constant dread of assassination. Hence his Italian policy, and the change which came over him after Orsini's attempt warned him that the Carbonari had not forgiven him. Auguste Chevalier, in fact, thought as seriously of these secret societies as our late premier in "Lothair" does of "the Mary Anne." "*Nous avons non la Terreur mais le Règne de la Peur*," he says, when explaining to Mr. Senior his fear of a sudden outbreak.

But besides the fear lest the attempt to oust Louis Napoleon might lead to the worst kind of social war, Paris was kept down by the huge garrison, not of the *Troupe* (line), but of the *Garde*, i.e., picked men from every regiment, highly paid, privileged in many ways, and comfortably housed, whereas when a line regiment came to Paris it was confined to the forts and strictly cut off from all intercourse with the people. The *Garde* numbered fifty thousand, and its officers were all elderly men, who had entered the army when there was little education, and had forgotten all the feelings of citizens. They were Louis Napoleon's blind instruments. Guizot thought the army far the best of the great bodies left in France. "The judges, of whom there are six thousand, at salaries rising from £105 to £1,500, are dependent for every appoint-

ment and promotion on government favor. Every judge's life is a struggle, first for existence and afterwards for comfort; it is therefore one of servile subservience. The Church is equally subservient, but to a foreign master. The instant a boy enters a seminary he ceases to be a Frenchman; he is not even an Italian; he is a Papist. As to the administrative body, it is the blind instrument of the executive. Its thirty-five thousand *maires*, its hundreds of *préfets* and *sous-préfets*, its thousands of *cantoniers* and *gardes champêtres* in the provinces, and in the towns its tens of thousands of *receveurs*, policemen, *gendarmes*, and *employés* of different names and attributions, all appointed, promoted, and dismissed by the government—not one of whom, whatever be his misconduct, can be prosecuted without its consent—form with the judges the chains with which France, like Gulliver, is pinned to the earth." And then, when Senior hints that the great chain is the army, "No," replies Guizot, "it is the only body that has any freedom or preserves any freedom for the others. Soldiers have leisure; many read; all talk. They are drawn from the soundest part of our population, and are beloved by the peasantry. A part of the army, brought from Africa and corrupted for the purpose, surprised Paris and enabled Louis Napoleon to turn out an unpopular Assembly and to overturn an absurd, unworkable constitution. And now the whole army is the friend of order, and would rather retain the empire than run the risk of a revolution."

This is valuable as the last recorded utterance of one with whom Mr. Senior had so many interesting talks; but, looking to the wondrous change which the *coup d'état* made in the state of France, we can hardly accept it as a sufficient reason. "The people love to have it so" always comes in as an echo to every attempted explanation of the success of the arch-conspirator.

With this army, of which Guizot thought so highly, the general testimony was that the emperor was unpopular. The officers despised his pretensions as a commander, and their contempt spread to the ranks. When Senior remarks that for a man who made the experiment of commanding one hundred and fifty thousand men for the first time after he was fifty the emperor seemed to have done well, Changarnier shows that he was only saved from total defeat by the still greater

folly and incapacity of the Austrians. "He marched his one hundred and fifty thousand in one long line, which any but the silliest imbeciles would have cut through in half a dozen places." Then Hesse stopped the Austrians for four hours on their way to Magenta, and Lichtenstein's inconceivable folly or cowardice at Solferino kept thirty-five thousand cavalry inactive. Of Louis Napoleon's personal courage there were different estimates. No one attributed to him any of the dash which his uncle is supposed to have shown in the mythical bridge of Arcola affair; but Lord Clyde, quoting his friend General Viennois, said that at Magenta he was for some time under fire, and calmly remarked, "At the worst *nous mourrons en soldat*." On the other hand, Trochu told Senior that "as for the two emperors, they were about equally useless; but the Austrian, exposing himself to fire and interfering, did perhaps most harm." The French emperor crossed the Ticino bridge just before Magenta, and returned, asserting that the Austrian army was only a *reconnaissance*. He gave no orders to any one. "Not one of the two hundred and fifty persons around him was touched. He can scarcely have been under fire. He said he found a battle a very different thing from what he expected. He thought it would consist of manœuvres scientifically planned and carefully executed. He found it a scene of wild disorder, difficult to understand, and governed more by accident than by skill." Changarnier, twice over, spoke even more decidedly. He quoted a letter from one of the Cent Gardes to his mother, saying: "You need not fear for me, for I'm close to the emperor, and he never goes into danger." He kept two miles in the rear, and at Solferino smoked fifty-three cigars. "His courage is great in theory; small in practice." At Strasburg he ran, and was found in a state of abject terror hiding under a carriage. In the Boulogne attempt, when he was half-way across the Channel, he became alarmed and wished to turn back. The people about him kept him to his purpose by making him half drunk with champagne. On landing he fired at Vaudreuil, who after Strasburg had said that he didn't dare even to fire a pistol in his own defence. His hand shook so that he missed his man at five paces, and wounded a poor cook who was standing at a door hard by. Then he ran to the sea and got into a boat, but being pursued gave himself up and offered them two hundred

thousand francs not to hurt him. These francs he handed to the mayor, who counted them before the crowd, and found them one hundred and twenty thousand. When on his trial he claimed these, and the *cruel* government of Louis Philippe let him have them. His fur coat lined with bank-notes was stolen." Lavergne's view is much the same: "The Duke of Wellington used to say that the presence of the First Napoleon was equal to a reinforcement of forty thousand men. The presence of the Third Napoleon is as much dreaded as a diminution of the army by forty thousand would be."*

Gustave de Beaumont differed wholly from Guizot in his estimate of the popularity of the army. So far from the peasant complacently "paying his debt of service to the State," he felt bitterly the gross inequality of the cost of a *remplacement*. For £80 (a fabulous sum to a laborer) a rich man could buy off his son and be free forever.

Of the fusillades after the *coup d'état* Mr. Senior speaks as if there could be no reasonable doubt that they took place. A *juge substitut*, whom Jules Simon met, said: "You are indignant; but I have a right to be far more indignant than you. You have seen only slaughter in hot blood. I have seen men taken by violence, not from behind a barricade or in a street, but out of the protection of justice." As *juge substitut* I was ordered on the fifth and sixth of December to go to the prisons to examine those accused of taking part in the insurrection, and either discharge them or remand them for trial. While I was performing this duty, officers, even sergeants and corporals, entered the prisons, seized the prisoners whom I was examining or had examined, and looked at their hands. If they were blackened with powder the men were carried off, to be shut up till night in a guard-room, and at night shot in the Champ de Mars or the Place des Invalides." Eye-witnesses, of course, there were none; but the Peyronnets who lived in the Champs Élysées, opposite the Champ de Mars, during the nights of the fourth and fifth, heard firing from the other side of the water, and never before nor after. Bloemarts, a watchmaker, was more circumstantial. Some friends of his, whose houses overlooked the garden of the Luxembourg, heard platoon firing on the night of the fifth,

* The famous phrase "baptism of fire" was not (as some of us think) first used of the prince imperial in 1870. Mérimée uses it in reference to the emperor himself at Magenta.

and never before nor since. After each discharge they heard cries and sobs, and men imploring mercy. One voice cried out "*Ma mère*," till it was stifled in a scream. They had no doubt these were massacres of prisoners. The strange thing is that, while shooting *ouvriers*, and for one whom he shot sending a hundred to Cayenne or Lambessa, Louis Napoleon was singularly tender of men of mark. On the night of the second, indeed, he planned with wonderful skill to lock up all who could be dangerous; but every one who might be useful if he could be won over was treated with singular leniency.

With little men it was different. Simon told Senior about young Veuillemont, who, after three months' imprisonment for two condemned articles, was walking along by the Column of July, when a man standing at an open door called out to him: "I believe I have the honor of addressing M. Veuillemont. Pray step into this room." As soon as he entered he was seized by two gendarmes and carried off to Mazat, where he was kept six months and then discharged without a word of explanation. Perhaps despotism culminated in 1862, when under the amended law of *sureté générale* many offences, before only cognizable by a jury, were subject to summary conviction. While the law was before the Corps Législatif Dufaure said to Senior: "It declares libellous *un écrit ou dessin non rendu public*; therefore under it you, Mr. Senior, will be liable to be prosecuted, summarily convicted and imprisoned and sent to Cayenne for offensive remarks in your journal."

Very mortifying to the French, thus treated like forward children, must have been the liberty ostentatiously given to English travellers. Montalembert says: "I was in the Pyrenees lately with Maillet. At the gates of Perpignan our passports were asked for. As we had none I said, '*Sujet anglais*.' The man made me a low bow and went to Maillet. '*Et lui aussi*,' I said, '*est sujet anglais et ne sait pas le français*.' Another low bow, and we passed on. Can Persigny, mad as he is, think that such distinctions do not humiliate us?"

From Madame Cornu Mr. Senior got many interesting notes about the emperor. She, the wife of an eminent artist, was daughter of Queen Hortense's *dame de compagnie*, and was bred up as a sister with Louis Napoleon, visiting him every year at Ham, and correcting his writings. After the *coup d'état* she broke with him,

and for twelve years rejected all his attempts at reconciliation. In spite of this she helped him in getting up his "*Cæsar*," writing for him to the German *littérati*, just as at Ham she had helped him with his book on artillery. During all his early life, she said, he saw nothing of the higher classes in France, and very little of those in other countries. In Germany, for instance, they would scarcely admit the Bonapartes to be gentry, and would call him Mons. Bonaparte. This did him great harm. The wonder is it did not spoil his manners. It made him a bit of a tuft-hunter, looking up to people of high rank with a mixture of admiration, envy, and dislike. "At a German court (Madame Cornu once said to him) they wanted to make me a *dame d'honneur*, ennobling me as the first step in the process. 'Why didn't you accept?' asked Louis Napoleon; 'you could by-and-by have given up the office and kept your nobility.' I could not make him understand my contempt for such artificial nobility." Wholly out of sympathy with the feelings of the higher classes in France, he was at one with the mob, who still kept to the old ideas of 1789, despising parliamentary governments, despising the pope and the priests, delighting in war and profuse expenditure, and believing in the Rhine as the rightful frontier. All, therefore, that he heard between 1848 and 1852 about liberty, self-government, the supremacy of the Assembly, etc., appeared to him the veriest trash. When, therefore, he appealed from the higher classes to the lower they rushed to his side. He deserves no credit for divining the people's instincts; he simply took them for granted, and was right.

Naturally Madame Cornu's judgment was a favorable one: "He is the best of the Bonapartes: power is improving him, notwithstanding his detestable *entourage*." Why these men, far worse (said Montalembert) than Tiberius's senators, were suffered by him, was not only because he could not attract any of the real aristocracy, but because, in Madame Cornu's estimation, he was a bad judge of men, shy, hating new faces, hating to refuse anybody anything. Hence he kept round him those who began with him, and they plundered him and the public. "Even when he was over nineteen he used to say to me: 'What a blessing that I have two before me in the succession, the Duke of Reichstadt and my brother, so that I can be happy in my own way, instead of being the slave of a

mission!" From the day of his brother's death he was a different man. When his son was born his grand object became the perpetuation of his dynasty.

Having spoken of his oft-noticed delight in astonishing men, in making France, Europe, and above all his own ministers stare, Madame Cornu went on: "His powers of self-command are really marvellous. I have known him after a conversation in which he betrayed no anger, break his own furniture in his rage. His moustache is to conceal the quivering of his mouth, and he has disciplined his eyes. When I first saw him in '48 I asked him what was the matter with his eyes, they had such an odd appearance. 'Nothing,' he said. At last I found out that he had been accustoming himself to keep his eyelids half closed and to throw into his eyes a vacant, dreamy expression. . . . Now that he thinks his mission is fulfilled, his former nature, feminine in many parts, is returning. His conscience never reproaches him for his massacres and cruelties; but then no Bonaparte ever has to complain of his conscience. . . . He is slow both in conception and execution. Meditates his plans long; waits for an opportunity which he does not always seize; but forgets nothing that he has learned, and renounces nothing that he has planned. Six weeks after he became president he intended a *coup d'état*. He read his plan to Changarnier, and the moment he opposed it he folded up the paper and was silent. But two years and a half after he carried out the plan."

"The ground of the emperor's character is selfishness. If he wanted to boil an egg, and there was no fuel but a roll of your bank-notes he'd use them. If there were none of yours he'd use his own. The form his selfishness takes is vanity. His vanity is vulgarly commonplace." Yet see the very French scene in which he and Madame Cornu and the empress, and even Madame Walewski, all fall to weeping on the occasion of Madame Cornu's reconciliation with him. At this time his dislike of business details was growing on him. His boy—whom he idolized, and whom but for his wife he would have spoiled—and his "Cæsar" absorbed his whole time. "*Je travaille à me rendre digne de vous*" he said to the Academicians when they came to announce Feuille's election. He had intended to offer himself for Pasquier's vacancy, feeling he could make his *éloge*, whereas it would be a different matter for him to praise men of Favre's stamp.

He delayed, however, till two volumes of "Cæsar" were published.

So far Madame Cornu: D.E.F., on the contrary, said that the emperor was the object of universal distrust; "By coquetting with the Reds he has lost the *bourgeoisie* whose fear of the Reds, and consequent inaction, enabled him to make the *coup d'état*, and he has not gained those whom he was courting. Even his attempts to serve the *ouvriers* tell against him. He has relieved the *maître sans compagnons* from the *droit de patente*; well, the consequence will be that thousands of *compagnons* will be discharged. The *ouvriers* hate him for sacrificing French soldiers to keep up the pope; the clergy hate him as much as if he had pulled the pope down."

We are sorry this speaker ventured to accuse Cousin of insincerity: "'Talk as if you were believers,' he used to say to his pupils." This is of a piece with the Protestant Weiss at the Lycée Bonaparte being scolded for naming Luther with respect, and being told that if he named him at all it must be as an apostate monk, at the same time that the very youths to whom Weiss was lecturing wanted to give Renan an ovation for calling Jesus a mere man.

Lavergne, who ought to have had some sympathy with the emperor as a consistent free-trader, thus sums up the case against him: "There are no Napoleon worshippers; the first Napoleon is almost forgotten. It was fourteen years ago, remember, that this man got six million votes. The republic was hated, and *celui-ci* was elected to destroy it. He has done his work, and we are tired of him. The only Bonapartists are those who hope for money or office from him; those who look on him as their bulwark against the Reds (and they are losing confidence); and those who desire at any sacrifice to avert another revolution, who prefer the evils of despotism to those of change."

In trying to explain to ourselves how the French endured for so many years what many of these representative men spoke of as a despicable tyranny, and what no one was satisfied with except those who profited by it, we must take into account the peculiarities of the French character. Prince Napoleon, in one of these conversations, gives a sort of essay on this subject (political conversation in France generally turning more on general propositions than on particular facts). "The French," he said, "*n'ont*

pas de caractère (have no individuality). This shows itself in their dread of being in a minority; and also in their want of backbone. A blow from the government strikes them down, and they lie torpid and inelastic. It was the same three hundred years ago; then there was a strong Protestant feeling in France, but it could not stand persecution. Another great fault is their hatred of superiors; the peasant hates every one who wears a coat, and still more every one who wears a cassock." (Some of the other speakers differ widely from the prince as to the estimate of the clergy.) "The peasant clings to the government because it is the enemy of his enemy, the *bourgeois*. What the *ouvrier* hates most is his *patron*, and next to him the *bourgeois*. Louis Philippe and his *bourgeois* Chamber were abominations to him; so were the Provisional Government and the Constituent Assembly." This accounts for the success of the *coup d'état*. "He hates constitutional government, with its checks and counter-checks and hierarchy of power; he hates any intermediate between the government and the masses. The *bourgeois* hates and fears everybody—people, aristocracy, and government." "Why the government?" asks Senior. "Because it taxes him, forces free-trade on him, . . . emasculates his newspaper, *internes* him or sends him to Cayenne if he talks too loud, interferes with justice if he is defrauded by one of its favorites." The prince went on to point out how there were no intermediate bodies, the aristocracy of office giving influence, but no respect. "Hence there is no desire for liberty and no possibility of it." His hopes were in the press, which had done much to liberalize France since 1852; and he pointed out how repression made the press much more powerful than if it was free, for the fact that the opposition papers exist only on sufferance gives importance to their strictures.

The prince's views are important as those of the present head of the Bonapartists; but whether or not these were his views it is hard to say. About the clergy, for instance, he has shown that he can think what is most advantageous for his interests. We wonder whether he was correct in saying that thousands of Savoyard families kept little tricolors as sacred pledges, the whole people never, from 1815 to 1859, having given up the hope of coming back to France.

In regard to the hatred of superiors and passion for equality, Jules de Lasteyrie,

in a later conversation, explains that the French ideal is not social, but political equality. We are always accusing ourselves of lord-worship; but Lasteyrie's experience was that while in France birth is all-important, in England—in London, at any rate—it is of little value. This exclusiveness was vastly increased by universal suffrage. "The society of Paris," said Circourt, "is the most aristocratic in Europe except that of Vienna." Now and then a noble marries a rich *bourgeoise*; but no instance has ever occurred of the reverse. All this aristocratic feeling told against the stability of the empire; the nobles kept aloof from it. Montalembert truly called the court nobility a titled *valetaille*, and the people despised them accordingly. Montalembert's estimate of his countrymen is not high: "They are hounds whose delight is a hunt, and their dread the lash; the only appeal is to their bad passions or to their fears." No wonder the poor count almost despaired of humanity.

We said that the estimate of the clergy varied with the speakers. There seems only one opinion about their ignorance. Circourt said Lacordaire was perhaps the most ignorant man who ever entered the Academy. "The clergy," said Lasteyrie, "are not fit to be our companions. The ignorance even of the higher ecclesiastics, and even on their own subjects—theology and Biblical history—is astounding. They never read; they never talk to educated men." "In Rome," remarked Senior, "the cardinals are good company." "Yes, for there the Church is at home, and therefore at her ease. In Paris she is a stranger. During the fifty years before the Restoration an ecclesiastic was always in danger of hearing offensive things. The clergy, therefore—even those of birth, education, and fortune—gradually withdrew from society; and the habit has remained."

Beaumont remarked that reformation is far harder now than in Luther's day. "He, a monk, spoke to his brother monks a language which they understood. Now Protestant doctrines are unintelligible to most of our clergy." Yet Beaumont confessed that if the peasants lost their religion they would become savages: "Their intercourse with the priest alone raises them above barbarism."

It is curious to find men like Odillon Barrot defending the papal system, because, but for it, "the Catholic priesthood would become the slaves of their governments, and the governments, uniting

temporal and spiritual power, would be omnipotent."

Of the amount of religion among the French the speakers form very different estimates. Senior is told "the *bourgeois* has no more belief than the *ouvrier*;" and when he speaks of having seen two thousand bourgeois in Notre Dame listening to Père Félix, and one thousand at the Oratoire listening to Père Gratry, he is told they only go to hear a piece of rhetoric. Kergorlay and Du Bosc agree in speaking of the rural clergy as very unpopular with the peasants: "They are petty, vexatious, ignorant tyrants, all the more so because they are sincere; forbidding the girls to dance, making the wife unhappy if her husband will not confess, interfering in the management of children, and even in the expenses of the household. . . . Very few of the higher classes take orders, none except a few enthusiasts. A farmer, if he wants to make a son a priest, always takes the dunce of the family, the one who has not brains enough to carry on a farm or to push his way in a town. But among the children of the very poor the *cure* picks out the best to be sent to the seminary, and there they push on, and often distinguish themselves. The field open to them is not wide but long. They may be great theologians, great casuists, great orators, even great writers. And their political influence is great; the Congregation (the ultra-religious party) brought about the overthrow of the Restoration in 1830; the Revolution of 1848 was largely due to a reaction against Louis Philippe's anti-Catholic conduct in placing a Protestant on the steps of the throne, and a Protestant at the head of the ministry."

Prince Napoleon's hatred of the clergy, whom he is now courting, was in Senior's time quite fanatical. It showed itself even at his father King Jérôme's deathbed; the empress and the princess Clothilde were anxious the old man should not die without the sacraments of the Church: being afraid of a scene with the prince, they had a priest within call, and just as Jérôme was dying, the prince happening to be absent, the priest was brought in, the eucharist taken, and extreme unction being administered. All at once in came the prince; the empress rose and said: "Don't be angry with Clothilde; it is I and the emperor who wished it done." With true Napoleonic brutality the prince turned round, kicked open the door, slammed it behind him, and never saw his father again.

Montalembert's estimate of Lacordaire is worth quoting. As a schoolboy and a barrister he was violently anti-Catholic. His conversion was sudden, by what the French call *un coup de la grâce*. Next day he resolved to take orders, and entered the seminary of St. Sulpice, the only peculiarity about him being that he remained as liberal when a priest as he had been when a barrister. His success as a preacher was very slow. Montalembert heard his first sermon (at St. Roch in 1833): "It was a complete failure, and he felt it to be so. 'I may be useful as a teacher (said he); but I have not the voice, or the rapidity of conception, or the versatility, or the knowledge of the world, which a great preacher requires.'" Of history, ancient, modern, or mediæval, he was like his master, Lamennais, profoundly ignorant. His wonderful power as an orator was chiefly due to his moral excellences, which surpassed even his imagination, his rapidity of conception, his force and facility of expression. "His impressive and exciting delivery, his clear, brilliant, and unpremeditated language, were merely forms in which his boundless love of God and man, of liberty and piety, was embodied. Never was there a man more approaching faultlessness. He had no vanity, though continually breathing the incense which most intoxicates, that which is burned before an orator; no love of power, though he reigned over the opinions and consciences of thousands; no wish for money or rank, or even for fame. His most valued possession was *un cœur détaché de tout*, in which there should be no selfish desires or fears." In the same eloquent strain the speaker went on to note the vast sacrifice which Lacordaire had made in becoming a Dominican, with absolutely no power over his actions, habits, or even over his thoughts. "They might have silenced him, or sent him at an hour's notice to China or Abyssinia. As it was, their austerities killed him."

Speaking of the way in which Montalembert was allowed to attack the emperor, Senior says: "A century hence your words about the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, destroyed, 'par une de ces mains étourdiment cruelles aux-quelles Dieu livre la puissance humaine quand il veut montrer aux hommes le peu de cas qu'il en fait,' will be quoted as a proof that the press was substantially free under Louis Napoleon, as we quote *præter atrocem animum Catonis* as proof that there was liberty of writing under Augus-

tus." Montalembert's reply is characteristic: "As respects books, the press is substantially free; for books cannot be attacked without the risk of a trial. It is against journals which cannot defend themselves, which may be extinguished by a mere *avertissement*, that M. de Persigny shows his courage."

The subject of Poland frequently comes up in these volumes, seeing that in 1863 took place the last and saddest of Polish insurrections. The emperor would certainly have had France with him had he supported the Poles; his own feelings, probably, went in that direction; but in this, as in almost everything that he set his mind on, he was thwarted. His pet Mexican scheme failed miserably; poor Maximilian, who had written him *la plus basse des lettres* to secure his appointment as emperor, suffered in a way which covered his ex-supporter with ignominy. The Southerners (he was intensely Southern) were ruined. And Poland, too, fell not, indeed, without a protest from European diplomacy, but in spite of an appeal on our part to the Treaty of 1815, which, unsupported by action, the Russians simply laughed at. Mr. Senior discusses Poland with men of all opinions. With Count Ladislas Zamoyski, nephew of Prince Czartoryski, for instance, who, when the Crimean war broke out, wished Lord Palmerston to form a Polish legion in England. This would have crippled Russia more effectually than the taking of Sebastopol. Lord Palmerston, with that love for half measures which has often been the bane of our governments, declined, saying "he did not wish to make an enemy of Russia." At the same time he allowed a Polish corps, styled Cossacks of the Sultan, to be formed in Turkey as a contingent to our army. Zamoyski, in 1863, thought it a proof of the wonderful vigor of Polish nationality that those thirty years had not Russianized it. Not the nobles only, but the people were thoroughly anti-Russian; as soon as the rising began, the Polish *employés* threw up their situations; a thousand peasants, armed with scythes and pitchforks, crowded to Warsaw.*

To Prince Napoleon Senior confessed that England's active sympathies are confined to nations which have coasts; and added that Poland, while independent,

had not presented an edifying picture—the nobles petty tyrants, the people slaves, with none of the forbearance, candor, and justice which free institutions require. The prince retorted that English policy is selfish: "You never, as we do, fight for an ideal;" and he notes the selfish hypocritical cruelty of Prussia in delivering up the Polish refugees, and saying, "We have not delivered them to Russia, we have only removed them from Prussia." The prince thought the emperor would go to war in spite of his ministers. Carné and Montalembert thought the same; the former said, "In six months we shall send one hundred thousand men round Jutland, and attack Russia on the Baltic." Circourt notes that Wielopolski, who carried out the offensive conscription, making the levy wholly from the town populations, was a Pole. He added that the bulk of the insurgents were the low townspeople and the poor nobles (the Sztachta), who live mostly as retainers of the rich nobles. "These are the people who give the Poles their national character—they have the vices both of a conquering and a conquered race: the *misero orgoglio d'un tempo che fù*, and the cunning and perfidy bred by long oppression. They sigh for the good old times when they were the human beings of Poland, the peasants being mere animals; and when any one of them had power by a *liberum veto* to stop the legislation and policy of the kingdom." These, and the poor townspeople, are the scythen of whom we hear. Circourt had seen a good deal of Poland; in 1848 Prussia had employed him to distinguish the Polish from the German families in Posen. *Every family wished to be registered as German.* It was the Poles, he says, who introduced serfdom into Russia, when the western Russians gave themselves up to Poland to escape the attacks of Huns and Tartars. The Polish nobles seized the land and gradually made serfs of the peasants. So, when Lithuania and Poland drew together on the marriage of Jagellon with the heiress of Poland, the nobles became Romanist and reduced their peasants to serfdom. Serfdom was not established in Russia Proper (Muscovy) till 1618. It was Mexico which, in 1863, saved Europe from a general war in behalf of Poland. The emperor felt bound to go on there, and there was no money for a second struggle. It was a narrow escape; such a sober statesman as Drouyn de Lhuys said it was one of the few subjects on which France was unanimous.

* From Zamoyski we learn that the recent *rapprochement* between Hungary and Turkey is but a repetition of what happened at the close of the Austro-Hungarian war. Then Kossuth, Batthyani, and Perczel formally offered their country to the sultan.

He urged the danger (pointed out in the "Concurrent Notes" of England, France, and Austria) of having a nation of eight millions unassimilated and unsubdued for ninety years, and he would have set up an independent Poland, if not of the whole nationality at least of the four millions in the kingdom, which would be as large as Holland or Denmark. "Don't believe Circourt," he said; "he is a strong anti-Catholic, a strong Russian, a weak Frenchman, a fierce anti-Pole." Nor was he disheartened by the quarrels among the insurgents which had driven Langiewicz to flight.

Cieskowski, deputy for Posen in the Prussian Parliament, claimed for Poland twenty-two millions of people in a territory almost as large as Austria, on the same ground (as Senior told him) on which England might claim all the south of France and most of the north. Uriski, another Pole, confessed that if Poland were re-established she must be the slave of Russia instead of being a barrier against her: "The idolatry of nationality is a return to barbarism. It is the folly which prompted the Ionians to wish to exchange the mild and wise protection of England for the fraudulent despotism of King Otho."

Thiers of course thought just the opposite of Drouyn de Lhuys. "It is cruelty (he said) to hold out the hope of French assistance. There is no remedy till the Poles are civilized enough to submit to the fate to which past follies has condemned them — till they cease to try to make their government work ill. No people, Polish, Irish, or Venetian, can be well governed against its will."

We have gone into detail about Poland because it presents analogies, which the reader will not fail to draw, with Ireland. The other great foreign question discussed in these volumes is the war in America. Here the most striking thing is the blindness of the Southerners and of so many European statesmen as to the impending result. Thiers alone spoke of the dissolution of the Union as a great misfortune to the whole world; while Senior himself retorted: "If you conquer the South, and force it back into the Union, will you be stronger or happier for having your Hungary, your Poland, your Venetia, your Ireland?" Rémusat talked about the separation as *un fait accompli*. Guizot did the same, while regretting it because it would make the English masters in America. This was in 1861. A year later Hotze, the Mobile newspaper

editor, Davis's envoy to England, said that, having at first doubted the success of secession, he was now convinced it would succeed. The real cause of the rupture, he said, was incompatibility of temper. "No two European nations are so different as Northerners and Southerners. The Yankee does not loathe the negro more than we loathe the Yankee. . . . While we could keep him down, even while he was only our equal, we tolerated the Union." The slaves, he thought, knew that emancipation would be another name for death by misery and cold. He expected that Europe would interfere, or that the war would last fifty years.

Slidell, the commissioner who, with Mason, was seized in the "Trent," was in Paris in 1862. He, too, told Senior that the Union would never be restored. He was much disappointed that England and France had not recognized them long before, but he thought the war would last for years unless Europe intervened. Slidell defended slavery: "A superior and inferior race cannot inhabit the same country on terms of equality. You, in your larger islands, where the negro can squat, have to import coolies. We believe the negro was intended by Providence to be the submissive instrument of a superior race." The selling of children and separation of families he spoke of as a myth. "Freed from the interference, the emissaries, and the firebrands of the North, our negroes will be happier and more contented than they are now; and even now they are the happiest and most contented peasantry in the world."

Guizot thought the North was justly punished for its conduct towards Mexico. "It is frightful. Never was a nation treated with such injustice, perfidy, cruelty, insolence. The United States have kept her weak and anarchical in order to rob her the more easily. . . . They are terrible neighbors; I am glad the Atlantic is between us." Circourt chimed in, and accused the United States of always threatening war, so insolent have fifty years of wonderful prosperity made them. "If the North conquers the South, in ten years it will be the most arrogant, unscrupulous power in the globe. All Europe, and still more all America, is interested in the disruption." "The United States," added Guizot, "is the most disagreeable country to negotiate with;" and he pays us the compliment to say that England is the best, for, though the English are proud, obstinate, and touchy, and not ready to accept an apol-

ogy, yet they never deceive. Whereupon Senior cites the case of Peel, who, he says, "wore two masks, one pasted over another." The wildest remark in the whole book was made by Count Fénélon, *à propos* of the "want of traditions" in the Northern army; "If there were a war on the Rhine (said he) we should, at least at the beginning, beat Belgians, Dutch, and Prussians as easily as we beat Austrians and Prussians in 1806 and 1807"! Fénélon, however, was not wider from the truth than was Slidell when he prophesied the complete victory of the South, and the perpetuation of "the domestic institution." Montalembert was a much truer prophet when, deploring Italian unity, he said: "The next thing will be German unity; and your self-styled English Liberals will have helped to parcel out Europe among a few great sovereigns."

It was the Federal opposition to his Mexican scheme which made the emperor so distinctly Southern. Thiers said he was led into the Mexican war by his wife: "Mexico has behaved outrageously to Spain, as she has to every country with which she has had any relations. Spain's spirits and reputation are raised by the Moorish campaign, and the empress is a true Spaniard." Thiers, however, believed that nothing but European intervention could save civilization in Mexico. He wanted Europe to interfere effectually, as it did in Greece and Belgium. The French expedition, with no real aid from England and only obstacles from Spain, he looked on as madness unparalleled since Don Quixote's day. Gutierrez de Estrada, in a long talk with Senior, agreed with Thiers in thinking the only hope for Mexico lay in a monarchy. During his absence in Europe, from 1836 to 1840, the Mexican republic had been in full swing, accompanied with almost continuous revolutions. On his return he found that wealth, cultivation, almost civilization had disappeared. Santa Anna felt the same thing, and gave Estrada a letter authorizing him to sound the European governments on the subject. The matter stood over till the outbreak of the American civil war, for General Scott had, in the most insolent terms, forbidden the Mexicans to think of it. "There are among you (said he) symptoms of a monarchical party. The United States will not allow such a party to establish itself, or even to arise. They will not endure monarchy on American soil. I am here to put down any such party. I am here to annihilate it."

Drouyn de Lhuys, who seems to have looked on Senior as a sort of foreign secretary unattached—for he detailed to him all the letters from our Mexican minister, Sir Charles Wyke, to Lord Russell—was very angry with us for leading the French (as he said) into the Mexican affair and then backing out: "Your jealousy soon began to show itself. It was obvious to us, and to your own minister, and to the commanders, that the real object of the expedition was to erect in Mexico a stable government. Lord Russell, however, wrote to your admiral strictly limiting its object to the protection of British persons and property; as if these can be protected in any other way than by the regeneration of Mexico." Here were "British interests" making our intervention a farce, while the French soon began to grumble at the cost of the war and the unhealthiness of the climate, and to ask, "Why do we fight the battle of England, without her gratitude, or even her good-will?" To judge from these volumes our foreign policy seldom pleased any one; Americans as well as French were down upon us for our *laissez-aller* system. The South hated us for not actively intervening; the North for not stopping the "Alabama." "The 'Alabama,'" cries Minister Dayton, "is manned by English sailors." "And is not your blockading fleet," retorts Senior, "manned by English sailors? How can you prevent a sailor from taking service where he likes?" "In the Crimean war," replied Dayton, "we did much more than you. We actually stopped the building of the 'Alexandra,' on the suspicion that she was intended for the Russians. We found our laws, as you have found yours, insufficient. We amended them. You merely fold your arms and allow things to go on opposed to your own municipal laws and to international law, to good feeling and to good faith." Compare this with Prince Napoleon's very unflattering estimate of Lord Palmerston and of English foreign policy as identified with him: "His foreign policy is thoroughly English—bold, almost defiant, in words; cautious, almost timid, in conduct, except where no opposition is to be feared. He gratifies your vanity by his language to all and by his action against the weak. Then his speeches gratify the national taste for triviality and platitudes. . . . A French minister who should talk such commonplace would be pelted." This government by jest Prince Napoleon very inconsistently went on to deduce from

aristocratic disregard for public opinion: "Your great men chaff the *peuple* familiarly, because the *peuple* is powerless. All parties know that it is the familiarity of contempt. Here the familiarity is real because the equality is real. Our servants are our equals. One of mine left me a year ago; he had been with me for eight years. Now he writes to tell me he has a son, and he hopes to have an opportunity of shaking me by the hand. He will call on me. I shall shake hands with him, and perhaps by-and-by you will meet him dining with me." Thiers, on the other hand, maintained that not the *peuple* but the *bourgeoisie* were the masters: "The emperor's great strength (said he) is the conviction of the *bourgeoisie* that the government which follows him must give liberty to the press, and that a free press will produce revolution after revolution till a new despot again fetters it."

Servants, by the way, in spite of their independence, fared badly in Paris families, and some recent papers in *Blackwood* show that the same strange disregard to the comfort and morality of their dependents is still the rule among Parisians. Jules Simon talked of fourteen families in his house, with forty servants, who sleep in kennels, hot in summer, cold in winter, pestilential at all seasons. Another speaker described a house with twelve families and from thirty-six to fifty servants. There are the ground floor, five flats, and the garret. On each flat there are two *appartements*, each consisting of a kitchen, four small sitting-rooms, and three bedrooms. There are two storeys of garrets, each servant having a room so small as to be like a coffin, and so low that one cannot stand upright or even sit up in bed. "The inconveniences of our separate houses are nothing to the evils arising from our close congregation. Our garrets are mere schools of vice." The cost of living in Paris may be judged from the price, £440 a year, of an *appartement* on the first floor.

Children in Paris fare worse than with us; they are seldom sent to school, live with their parents, breakfasting and dining with them, and keeping their hours. "I have pitied (says Senior) poor little things of four and five dying of sleepiness, but kept up till nine. On the other hand, they are far better behaved than ours. English children are always trying to attract attention, always obtruding their own wants, opinions, likes and dislikes. French children are quiet and silent, in-

stantly checked if they give any audible signs of their presence. They are neither shy nor vain." From all this we rather learn the feelings of Mr. Senior than the actual state of the case. There is more justice in Madame Anisson's remarks on luncheon: "an institution which governs your whole lives. You breakfast so early that nothing can be done before it. Then in winter you must go out when breakfast is over. Luncheon comes at two; it is over by three, and by four it is dark." There is a great deal to be said for the French breakfast or, in fact, early dinner at eleven or twelve, just as there is for our shorter hours of work, which are the envy of French officials as well as *ouvriers*. Herbert, of the Foreign Office, said: "I only had one day's holiday for three years. We are eminently a literary nation, for we transact everything by writing. I am at it from 9 A.M. till 6 or 7 P.M. That's how we get worn out so soon. You oxygenate your blood by riding, by walking, above all by your two months' holiday. We are slaves of the pen, the desk, and the lamp all the year round." And yet the English aristocracy work ten times harder than the French. As Michel Chevalier said: "Your highest classes are all politicians. They are among the best speakers in both Houses, they work hard as cabinet ministers, and take the lead in the provinces. Ours are men of pleasure, of society, of literature; scarcely ever statesmen." Here (he might have added) is the value of a real House of Lords. "Idleness (he continued) is one of the traditions of our aristocracy. Their education, too, by private tutors or in ecclesiastical schools, makes them averse to the roughness of political life. If we had kept the constitution of the Restoration, with its hereditary peerage and its narrow suffrage, a race of trained politicians would have grown up. But the Legitimists abandoned public life in 1830, the Orleanists did the same in 1848, the Republicans in 1852; and the country is given up to lawyers, soldiers, bankers—adventurers unfitted by knowledge or by habits to direct it."

But we must hasten to a close, omitting much that is interesting about Rothschild, who always said "*millions de pardons*," instead of "*mille pardons*;" about Fould, whose vanity in insisting on publishing the Budget in 1862 caused so much trouble; about Thiers's dislike for Victor Hugo's poetry; and about Baron Gros, who was anxious that we should interfere

to crush the Taepings, and taunted us with "a strange liking for rebels in the East as in the West." We must, however, say a word about the Campana case. Campana was an enthusiastic and successful collector of antiquities, whom Pio Nino, who was fond of him, had put at the head of the Mont de Piété. With the pope's leave he used the deposits in purchasing and excavating: "My collection (said he) is worth six million francs, and will be security." But Antonelli hated him, and one day, without notice, examined his account and found six and a half millions deficit. Campana was arrested and prosecuted. "My collection (he pleaded) is now worth eight millions, and the pope gave me leave to use the money." Pio, afraid of Antonelli and of public opinion, weakly said he did not remember the conversation. The papal valuers (Antonelli's creatures) returned three millions as the worth of the collection, and Campana was condemned to the galleys for twenty years. By-and-by, wanting money, the pope put up the collection for sale. Russians, French, and English (represented by Mr. Newton, of the Museum) all wanted to get the pick of it. At last the French emperor offered five and a half millions for the whole. Then some Roman bankers offered six millions, and it seemed likely the price would rise still higher, and Campana would have to be pardoned. So Antonelli made the pope refuse to sell save to a sovereign; the emperor got the collection; and Campana, whose punishment was afterwards commuted for exile, was still considered to have robbed the Mont de Piété of half a million francs. He, poor fellow, lived some time at Naples with his English wife in great poverty. Moral: never do any risky thing without having permission in writing from whosoever authorizes you to do it.

By way of compensation for this ugly story we will give a sample of French politeness worthy of the best times. Courcelles, in an absent fit, knocked at the door of Lamartine, who lived in the next apartment to a friend of his. As soon as his name was called out he saw his mistake, and as he and Lamartine, having been friends before, had not met since the latter became head of the Provisional Government in 1848, he ran back, muttering something about a mistake. His note of explanation and Lamartine's reply are so beautiful that we do not wonder Senior copied them out. Our readers will not regret our doing the same.

La crainte de vous étonner et de vous déplaire m'a seule empêchée de m'excuser immédiatement auprès de vous et de Madame de Lamartine de ma méprise d'hier soir.

Après le premier moment d'embarras me pardonnerez-vous un peu de superstition chrétienne? Je me figure que l'inadvertence qui m'a fait prendre votre demeure pour celle de votre voisin m'est une occasion de vous exprimer les souvenirs qui ont survécu à notre divergence, mon admiration d'un noble écrit sur les affaires d'Italie, tous mes vœux pour vous, et mes respectueux et profonds hommages pour Madame de Lamartine.

F. DE COURCELLES.

The reply runs thus:—

Mon cher Courcelles, — Je suis bien sensible à votre charmante et délicate lettre. Je n'ai rien reçu de mieux dans ma vie ni en acte ni en style. Soyez heureux du plaisir que vous m'avez fait. Je n'aurais point été étonné, mais j'aurais été charmé d'une rencontre à laquelle j'aurais pu prêter un souvenir d'ancienne amitié. Je vous remercie d'avoir écouté cette superstition chrétienne, en m'envoyant une si aimable explication. Il n'y a point de superstition pour le cœur; il a toujours raison, car ce qui ne raisonne pas ne déraisonne jamais; écoutez le donc quand il vous parlera en ma faveur, et croyez que vous m'avez causé deux fois dans ma vie une impression durable et douce, une fois par votre amitié et une autre fois par votre souvenir. Présentez je vous prie mes respects à Madame de Courcelles.

AL. DE LAMARTINE.

The reader will do well to turn from these exquisite sentences to the equally exquisite passage from Lacordaire's "Lectures in Notre Dame" (Senior ii. 165) on the value of deserts as protectors of human liberty. We can only quote the closing lines:—

Oui, retraites inabordables, vous nous conserverez de libres oasis, des sentiers perdus, vous ne permettrez pas à la chimie de prévaloir contre la nature, et de faire du globe, si bien pétri par la main de Dieu, une espèce d'horrible et droit cachot, où le fer et le feu seront les premiers officiers d'une impitoyable autocratie.

We ought to note the brief but picturesque sketches of scenery, etc., which preface the different divisions of the volume. Coutances, and Bayeux (no longer disfigured with its Italian dome), and the glorious Chartres, are all described; but the notes of the Swiss journey of 1861 are the most interesting. The moment the French frontier was passed there was a visible improvement in houses, gardens, fields, and in the appearance of the people. There was also a great difference between Protestant

and Romanist cantons. The democratic feeling in parts of Switzerland the travellers found very strong. A field near Vevay was for sale; a large proprietor wished to buy it, and bid more than its value: "I won't sell it to you," said the owner; "we don't want any high ones (*sommités*) here except the Dent de Jaman." There are two interesting conversations with Renan. He pronounces the history of Joseph and the Book of Ruth to be examples of narrative poetry, with a measured cadence like that of the Latin in the "*Imitatio Christi*." Job he thinks earlier than the Captivity, but so late that the language had become stiff and pedantic; he attributes it to the time of Hezekiah, about Homer's date. "Homer and the book of Job are eminently theistic, but the Greek gods are shrouded in no mystery. They show themselves to us as they showed themselves to Paris, and a disgusting exhibition it is. The God of Job speaks out of the whirlwind; his only attributes are wisdom and power. . . . The great question in Job is—Is God just? But no answer to it is attempted. . . . The Semitic races cannot argue; their languages are almost incapable of expressing abstract ideas. There is no *discursus* in their minds; they are apprehensive, not deductive. Their moral works are strings of sentences, or rather of single propositions." The strangest thing is that Job—proud, impatient, with the cold, hard, undevout religion of a Bedouin—should have been called patient. The Song must date from before 923, when Tirzah gave way to Samaria. The beginning of the story Renan finds in cap. vi. 12, of which our version and that in the Vulgate are nonsense; he renders it: "Imprudente; voilà que mon caprice m'a jetée parmi les chars d'une suite de prince." The Shulamite is seized in her garden by Solomon's "collectors of beauties for the harem," but after two conversations with the king she escapes to her village (ii. 7). The next act (ii. 7 to iii. 5) describes a meeting with her lover. The next (ending v. 1) she is brought back in Solomon's chariot. Then from v. 2 to vi. 3 she meets her lover in the garden. The fifth act, in the harem (vi. 4 to viii. 5), describes the rejection of Solomon's advances, and her entreaty that her lover will take her away. Cap. iv. contains to verse 7 an address from Solomon to the maiden, and thence to v. 1 her speech to her lover. The other conversation turns on the Gospels. Renan explained "the Son of Man hath not

where to lay his head" to be merely a statement that at the time he was on a journey; he had then a settled residence in Capernaum. The substance of his remarks will be found in the first volume of his "*Origines du Christianisme*," in which he asserts that the inspiration of the Gospels was an idea introduced by the schoolmen to supply premisses for their disputations; a text from the Bible was to be conclusive in theology just as one from Aristotle was in metaphysics.

One learns, from a sermon by Père Félix, of which Senior gives an analysis, that girls' and youths' friendly societies were in force in France in 1861; he was preaching for a society which took charge of young people as soon as they entered the *ateliers*, and which numbered over ten thousand members.

Senior, as we said, never hides his own opinions, though he is always careful to let the Frenchman do the talking. Thus he tells an American that he thinks the Irish priests are shamefully (as well as most unwisely) dealt with in not being established.

Of course his strictures on the emperor and his conviction of his unpopularity were partly due to his being thrown chiefly with anti-Bonapartists. But still there is no doubt that on the whole the feeling of the time is fairly represented. The strength of the empire lay in the quarrels of its opponents. Men like Lamartine and Montalembert could not work together. We gave an instance of exquisite courtesy in the case of Lamartine; we now add one of the grossest breaches of good manners of which not a clown, but such a man as Montalembert suffered himself to be guilty. In 1850 the prince president gave a dinner to the grand duchess Stéphanie, Lady Douglas, Montalembert, and Lamartine. During dinner scarcely any one but the host noticed Lamartine; after dinner the president gave his arm to the duchess, and Montalembert his to his acquaintance Lady Douglas. Lamartine followed. Montalembert said, loud enough for everybody to hear: "Look back at the man behind us. C'est l'homme le plus malheureux et le plus misérable de la France." When the duchess and Lady Douglas told the story to Madame Cornu they said the president *tressaillit*; Lamartine walked on without betraying emotion or even consciousness.

Some of the most interesting discussions turn on style, by which the French set so much more store than we do. Sev-

eral speakers would not admit that the English have any great *prosateur* except Bacon; meaning by a great *prosateur* one in whose sentences you cannot change, or add, or remove a word. "Such were Pascal, Bossuet, Voltaire; such is Cousin, if only his matter equalled his form. D'Haussonville puts Guizot far below Cousin in style; Châteaubriand and Courier nowhere; Thiers readable, but very incorrect — "He has never read except to get the knowledge that he wanted to use at once." The evils of this over-fastidiousness are, several of the speakers admit, considerable. "It tempts writers to reject all ideas which they cannot express in the perfect language to which they endeavor to confine themselves." All this may be profitably read along with Mr. M. Arnold's extravagant praises, just as the more political parts of these volumes may be profitably compared with Kinglake, who, by the way, far surpasses any of the speakers in the violence of the abuse which he lavishes on the men of the Second Empire.

And now we take our leave of volumes from which no reader can fail to draw profit as well as amusement. We have aimed at showing the reader what he has to expect in Senior's journals, and letting a few men like Thiers (who said he would have heartily supported Louis Napoleon had he been willing to be a constitutional king) paint themselves. Behind all their sparkle and intelligence there is the conviction that the mass of the French nation was wholly uneducated in politics, and chose and liked the system which broke down at Sedan. That is the feeling of most of the speakers. "*Celui-ci* has taken the true measure of our masses," is what they never tire of repeating.

The volumes are disfigured by a few misprints, "Gallican" for "Gallician," "incivism" for "incivism," etc., but they are a notable addition to our knowledge of a time which, since it gave birth to the Anglo-French alliance, has special attractions for us.

We may well close with an anecdote of our own court. Quetelet, in London on Exhibition business in 1851, was at first dazzled by finding himself "in the presence of the mistress of the first nation in the world; but the queen's kindness and ease soon reassured me. Nothing could be more sensible and unpretending than her conversation; and as for the prince, 'C'est le naturel le plus charmant que j'ai jamais connu.' The prince and he talked freely about literary men, and Al-

bert told him he could not quite do as he liked in regard to them: "We should not be able to receive you exactly as we do were you not a foreigner." The prince here is in fact just as he is painted by Mr. Theodore Martin.

To the journals in Ireland we have called attention because of the exceeding gravity of the present crisis, and the value of Mr. Senior's remarks. He went wholly unprejudiced and thoroughly liberal.

The Irish journals, etc., begin with a visit in 1819, and end with one in 1862. During this time Mr. Senior saw many changes, most of which he had himself advised, for the interest he took in the country was great and continuous. The conversations with Archbishop Whately, Lord Rosse, and others, were revised by themselves; and in the preface to a partial publication in 1861, the author remarks on their value as historical documents, showing what were the prevalent opinions, hopes, and expectations about Irish affairs at different periods. The journals contain facts of which there will soon be no other record, and also much information which is of present practical value. For, despite changes, the Irish still depend mainly on the potato, and are still tools of the priests, who are ignorant of the commonest economical laws; and the country is still governed by two codes, one kept up by the magistrate, the other by the tenant.

Almost the only thing in Ireland to which Senior gives unqualified praise is the Irish poor-law. The cost of this in 1860, including salaries and rations of officers, was little over half a million; the average proportion of persons receiving relief was in England 1 in 23; in Scotland, 1 in 25; in Ireland, only 1 in 140. The constabulary he rightly characterized as too much like soldiers. The Church he spoke of as it deserved; at the same time he favored concurrent endowment, and showed how the priests had almost necessarily become ignorant, and though not actively disloyal certainly not actively the reverse.

Painfully searching is the way in which he analyzes, (in "Ireland in 1843," *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1844), the causes of that hatred of the law which is such a sad trait in the character of the Irish. They have never known the law except as an oppressor; and singularly fair is his remark on the agrarian Irish code, that it is exemplary rather than vindictive, directed not against the person, but the

act, the victim being generally not the instigator, but those who obey his instigation; not, *e.g.*, the landlord who exacts too high a rent, but the tenant who pays it. The following warning is still needed by legislators: "The first step towards making Irish institutions popular, must be to make them deserve to be so;" and, as to the notion of withholding the franchise, trial by jury, etc., from Ireland, on the plea that "the Irish are unfit for them," he proves its fallacy so long as we admit Ireland to be a portion of the empire.

The distress during the famine, and the collapse of the help-arrangements, are temperately but forcibly described; and it is important to note the testimony repeatedly brought forward to the bad influence of public works: "To them the people who now won't even sow their fields, will fly with avidity, as there they would be able to loiter away their time in pretended labor." Speaking of the relief works at Mount Trenchard, Senior says: "They consist of a road of about half a mile, impassable to carts, and ending in a bog and about a mile of footpath. For the first the barony is charged £2,000, for the second, £1,000. This, however, is a favorable specimen, for the footpath is of some trifling use, and the road, though useless, does do harm." The jobbery was frightful; the landholders had to pay for all sorts of schemes, the only proviso being that they should be of no profit to any one individual, and if they complained, the Board of Works tartly replied they alone were responsible.

Senior quizzes the teaching in the schools, especially in the Larne Agricultural School, where he asked in vain for the daily amount of potatoes sufficient to feed a man, and for the name of the queen's mother, and date of her coronation, while the teacher got glib replies to the weight of Jupiter, the thickening of Saturn's rings, whether light is a substance or a condition, and in whose reign Jeremiah prophesied.

Perhaps the strangest person referred to in these volumes is Mr. Hastings, rector of Kilmacrenan, County Donegal, a choice sample of the old Irish militant Churchman. Having served, and still serving in a militia regiment, he took orders, and became curate of Celbridge, County Wicklow; but the state of the country was not such as to enable any good officer to be spared, so he kept his military rank, drew his pay, and on Sundays used to put a gown over his military

trousers and boots, and directly he left the pulpit put on his red coat and parade his men. He was rewarded with the rectory of Kilmacrenan, out of which his predecessors had been worried by the fierce contentions of Ribbonism *versus* Orangeism and Presbyterians against Catholics. He began by inviting the priest and the Presbyterian minister to meet him at the nearest town, Letterkenny, gave them a good dinner and unlimited whisky punch, and walked with them round the fair. Then and there he engaged them to meet him on the borders of his parish, and they all rode over the whole of it, winding up the evening at the whisky-cabin. Since that time there have been no religious disputes; when the church wanted repairing the priest sent £2 as his own subscription, and recommended the subscription from the altar.

This shows that there are lighter passages among the grave matter which makes up the chief part of these Irish journals, much of which deserves serious attention at the present crisis.

There are also interesting notes of scenery; there is a good deal about the religious revival of 1826, to the good results of which many with whom our author conversed bore abundant testimony.

We do wish Mr. Senior's remarks on Ireland may be more studied than they have been; he writes honestly and fearlessly, exposing the weaknesses of the people (quoting the Catholic Bishop Doyle's very strong words in reproof of their apathy, their laziness, and their drunkenness), but also pointing out how these bad traits are the direct results of misgovernment and mismanagement, the sort of crop which usually springs up when men will persist in sowing dragon's teeth.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE PAVILION ON THE LINKS.

(IN TWO PARTS.)

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

TELLS OF AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN
NORTHMOUR, YOUR MOTHER, AND MYSELF.

WITH the first peep of day, I retired from the open to my old lair among the sand-hills, there to await the coming of your mother. The morning was grey,

wild, and melancholy; the wind moderated before sunrise, and then went about, and blew in puffs from the shore; the sea began to go down, but the rain still fell without mercy. Over all the wilderness of links there was not a creature to be seen. Yet I felt sure the neighborhood was alive with skulking foes. The light that had been so suddenly and surprisingly flashed upon my face as I lay sleeping, and the hat that had been blown ashore by the wind from over Graden Floe, were two speaking signals of the peril that environed your mother and the party in the pavilion.

It was, perhaps, half past seven, or nearer eight, before I saw the door open, and that dear figure come towards me in the rain. I was waiting for her on the beach before she had crossed the sand-hills.

"I have had such trouble to come!" she cried. "They did not wish me to go walking in the rain. I had to show them my temper," she added, tossing her head.

"Clara," I said, "you are not frightened?"

"No," said she, with a simplicity that filled my heart with confidence. For your mother, my dear children, was the bravest as well as the best of women; in my experience, I have not found the two go always together, but with her they did; and she combined the extreme of fortitude with the most endearing and beautiful virtues.

I told her what had happened; and, though her cheek grew visibly paler, she retained perfect control over her senses.

"You see now that I am safe," said I, in conclusion. "They do not mean to harm me; for, had they chosen, I was a dead man last night."

She laid her hand upon my arm.

"And I had no presentiment!" she cried.

Her accent thrilled me with delight. I put my arm about her, and strained her to my side; and, before either of us was aware, her hands were on my shoulders and my lips upon her mouth. Yet up to that moment no word of love had passed between your mother and myself. To this day I remember the touch of her cheek, which was wet and cold with the rain; and many a time since, when she has been washing her face, I have kissed it again for the sake of that morning on the beach. Now that she is taken from me, and I finish my pilgrimage alone, I recall our old loving-kindnesses and the

deep honesty and affection which united us, and my present loss seems but a trifle in comparison.

We may have thus stood for some seconds — for time passes quickly with lovers — before we were startled by a peal of laughter close at hand. It was not natural mirth, but seemed to be affected in order to conceal an angrier feeling. We both turned, though I still kept my left arm about your mother's waist; nor did she seek to withdraw herself; and there, a few paces off upon the beach, stood Northmour, his head lowered, his hands behind his back, his nose white with passion.

"Ah, Cassilis!" he said, as I disclosed my face.

"That same," said I; for I was not at all put about.

"And so, Miss Huddlestone," he continued slowly but savagely, "this is how you keep your faith to your father and to me? This is the value you set upon your father's life? And you are so infatuated with this young gentleman that you must brave ruin, and decency, and common human caution —"

"Miss Huddlestone" — I was beginning to interrupt him, when he, in his turn, cut in brutally.

"You hold your tongue," said he; "I am speaking to that girl."

"That girl, as you call her, is my wife," said I; and your mother only leaned a little nearer, so that I knew she had affirmed my words.

"Your what?" he cried. "You lie!"

"Northmour," I said, "we all know you have a bad temper, and I am the last man to be irritated by words. For all that, I propose that you speak lower, for I am convinced that we are not alone."

He looked round him, and it was plain my remark had in some degree sobered his passion. "What do you mean?" he asked.

I only said one word: "Italians."

He swore a round oath, and looked at us, from one to the other.

"Mr. Cassilis knows all that I know," said your mother.

"What I want to know," he broke out, "is where the devil Mr. Cassilis comes from, and what the devil Mr. Cassilis is doing here. You say you are married; that I do not believe. If you were, Graden Floe would soon divorce you; four minutes and a half, Cassilis. I keep my private cemetery for my friends."

"It took somewhat longer," said I, "for that Italian."

He looked at me for a moment half daunted, and then, almost civilly, asked me to tell my story. "You have too much the advantage of me, Cassilis," he added. I complied of course; and he listened, with several ejaculations, while I told him how I had come to Graden; that it was I whom he had tried to murder on the night of landing; and what I had subsequently seen and heard of the Italians.

"Well," said he, when I had done, "it is here at last; there is no mistake about that. And what, may I ask, do you propose to do?"

"I propose to stay with you and lend a hand," said I.

"You are a brave man," he returned, with a peculiar intonation.

"I am not afraid," said I.

"And so," he continued, "I am to understand that you two are married? And you stand up to it before my face, Miss Huddlestone?"

"We are not yet married," said your mother; "but we shall be as soon as we can."

"Bravo!" cried Northmour. "And the bargain? D—n it, you're not a fool, young woman; I may call a spade a spade with you. How about the bargain? You know as well as I do what your father's life depends upon. I have only to put my hands under my coat-tails and walk away, and his throat would be cut before the evening."

"Yes, Mr. Northmour," returned your mother, with great spirit; "but that is what you will never do. You made a bargain that was unworthy of a gentleman; but you are a gentleman for all that, and you will never desert a man whom you have begun to help."

"Aha!" said he. "You think I will give my yacht for nothing? You think I will risk my life and liberty for love of the old gentleman; and then, I suppose, be best man at the wedding to wind up? Well," he added, with an odd smile, "perhaps you are not altogether wrong. But ask Cassilis here. *He* knows me. Am I a man to trust? Am I safe and scrupulous? Am I kind?"

"I know you talk a great deal, and sometimes, I think, very foolishly," replied your mother; "but I know you are a gentleman, and I am not the least afraid."

He looked at her with peculiar approval and admiration; then, turning to me, "Do you think I would give her up without a struggle, Frank?" said he. "I tell

you plainly, you look out. The next time we come to blows —"

"Will make the third," I interrupted, smiling.

"Ay, true; so it will," he said. "I had forgotten. Well, the third time's lucky."

"The third time, you mean, you will have the crew of the 'Red Earl' to help," I said.

"Do you hear him?" he asked, turning to your mother.

"I hear two men speaking like cowards," said she. "I should despise myself either to think or speak like that. And neither of you believe one word that you are saying, which makes it the more wicked and silly."

"She's a perfect cock-sparrow, Frank!" cried Northmour. "But she's not yet Mrs. Cassilis. I say no more. The present is not for me."

Then your mother surprised me.

"I leave you here," she said suddenly. "My father has been too long alone. But remember this: you are to be friends, for you are both good friends to me."

She has since told me her reason for this step. As long as she remained, she declares that we two would have continued to quarrel; and I suppose that she was right, for when she was gone we fell at once into a sort of confidentiality.

Northmour stared after her as she went away over the sand-hill.

"She is the only woman in the world!" he exclaimed with an oath. "Look at her action."

I, for my part, leaped at this opportunity for a little further light.

"See here, Northmour," said I; "we are all in a tight place, are we not?"

"I believe you, my boy," he answered, looking me in the eyes, and with great emphasis. "We have all hell upon us, that's the truth. You may believe me or not, but I'm afraid of my life."

"Tell me one thing," said I. "What are they after, these Italians? What ails them at Mr. Huddlestone?"

"Don't you know?" he cried. "The black old scamp had *Carbonaro* funds on a deposit—two hundred and eighty thousand; and of course he gambled it away on stocks. There was to have been a revolution in the Tridentino, in Parma; but the revolution is off, and the whole wasps' nest is after Huddlestone. We shall all be lucky if we can save our skins."

"The *Carbonari*!" I exclaimed; "God help him indeed!"

"Amen!" said Northmour. "And now, look here: I have said that we are in a fix; and, frankly, I shall be glad of your help. If I can't save Huddlestone, I want at least to save the girl. Come and stay in the pavilion; and, there's my hand on it, I shall act as your friend until the old man is either clear or dead. But," he added, "once that is settled, you become my rival once again, and I warn you — mind yourself."

"Done!" said I; and we shook hands.

"And now let us go directly to the fort," said Northmour; and he began to lead the way through the rain.

CHAPTER VI.

TELLS OF MY INTRODUCTION TO THE TALL MAN.

WE were admitted to the pavilion by your mother, and I was surprised by the completeness and security of the defences. A barricade of great strength, and yet easy to displace, supported the door against any violence from without; and the shutters of the dining-room, into which I was led directly, and which was feebly illuminated by a lamp, were even more elaborately fortified. The panels were strengthened by bars and cross-bars; and these, in their turn, were kept in position by a system of braces and struts, some abutting on the floor, some on the roof, and others, in fine, against the opposite wall of the apartment. It was at once a solid and a well-designed piece of carpentry; and I did not seek to conceal my admiration.

"I am the engineer," said Northmour. "You remember the planks in the garden? Behold them!"

"I did not know you had so many talents," said I.

"Are you armed?" he continued, pointing to an array of guns and pistols, all in admirable order, which stood in line against the wall or were displayed upon the sideboard.

"Thank you," I returned; "I have gone armed since our last encounter. But, to tell you the truth, I have had nothing to eat since early yesterday evening."

Northmour produced some cold meat, to which I eagerly set myself, and a bottle of good Burgundy, by which, wet as I was, I did not scruple to profit. I have always been an extreme temperance man on principle; but it is useless to push principle to excess, and on this occasion I believe that I finished three-quarters of

the bottle. As I ate I still continued to admire the preparations for defence.

"We could stand a siege," I said at length.

"Ye—es," drawled Northmour; "a very little one, per—haps. It is not so much the strength of the pavilion I mis-doubt; it is the double danger that kills me. If we get to shooting, wild as the country is some one is sure to hear it, and then — why then it's the same thing, only different, as they say: caged by law, or killed by *Carbonari*. There's the choice. It is a devilish bad thing to have the law against you in this world, and so I tell the old gentleman up-stairs. He is quite of my way of thinking."

"Speaking of that," said I, "what kind of person is he?"

"Oh, he!" cried the other; "he's a rancid fellow, as far as he goes. I should like to have his neck wrung to-morrow by all the devils in Italy. I am not in this affair for him. You take me? I made a bargain for Missy's hand, and I mean to have it too."

"That, by the way," said I, "I understand. But how will Mr. Huddlestone take my intrusion?"

"Leave that to Clara," returned Northmour.

I could have broken his back, my dear children, for this coarse familiarity; but I respected the truce, as, I am bound to say, did Northmour, and so long as the danger continued not a cloud arose in our relation. I bear him this testimony with the most unfeigned satisfaction; nor am I without pride when I look back upon my own behavior. For surely no two men were ever left in a position so invidious and irritating.

As soon as I had done eating, we proceeded to inspect the lower floor. Window by window we tried the different supports, now and then making an inconsiderable change; and the strokes of the hammer sounded with surprising loudness through the house. I proposed, I remember, to make loopholes; but he told me they were already made in the windows of the upper story. It was an anxious business, this inspection, and left me down-hearted. There were two doors and five windows to protect, and, counting your mother, only four of us to defend them against an unknown number of foes. I communicated my doubts to Northmour, who assured me, with un-moved composure, that he entirely shared them.

"Before morning," said he, "we shall

all be butchered and buried in Graden Floe. For me, that is written."

I could not help shuddering at the mention of the quicksand, but reminded Northmour that our enemies had spared me in the wood.

"Do not flatter yourself," said he. "Then you were not in the same boat with the old gentleman; now you are. It's the floe for all of us, mark my words."

I trembled for your mother; and just then her dear voice was heard calling us to come up-stairs. Northmour showed me the way, and, when he had reached the landing, knocked at the door of what used to be called *My Uncle's Bedroom*, as the founder of the pavilion had designed it especially for himself.

"Come in, Northmour; come in, dear Mr. Cassilis," said a voice from within.

Pushing open the door, Northmour admitted me before him into the apartment. As I came in I could see your mother slipping out by the side door into the study, which had been prepared as her bedroom. In the bed, which was drawn back against the wall, instead of standing, as I had last seen it, boldly across the window, sat, my dear children, your grandfather, Bernard Huddlestone, the defaulting banker. Little as I had seen of him by the shifting light of the lantern on the links, I had no difficulty in recognizing him for the same. He had a long—long and hollow—countenance, surrounded by a long red beard and side-whiskers. His broken nose and high cheekbones gave him somewhat the air of a Kalmuck, and his light eyes shone with the excitement of a high fever. He wore a skull-cap of black silk; a huge Bible lay open before him on the bed, with a pair of gold spectacles in the place, and a pile of other books lay on the stand by his side. The green curtains lent a cadaverous shade to his cheek; and, as he sat propped on pillows, his great stature was painfully hunched, and his head protruded till it overhung his knees. I believe if your grandfather had not died otherwise, he must have fallen a victim to consumption in the course of but a very few weeks.

He held out to me a hand, long, thin, and disagreeably hairy.

"Come in, come in, Mr. Cassilis," said he. "Another protector—ahem!—another protector. Always welcome as a friend of my daughter's, Mr. Cassilis. How they have rallied about me, my daughter's friends! May God in heaven bless and reward them for it!"

I gave him my hand, of course, because

I could not help it; but the sympathy I had been prepared to feel for your mother's father was immediately soured by his appearance, and the wheedling, unreal tones in which he spoke.

"Cassilis is a good man," said Northmour; "worth ten."

"So I hear," cried Mr. Huddlestone eagerly; "so my girl tells me. Ah, Mr. Cassilis, my sin has found me out, you see! I am very low, very low; but I hope equally penitent. These are all devotional works," he added, indicating the books by which he was surrounded. "We must all come to the throne of grace at last, Mr. Cassilis. For my part, I come late indeed; but with unfeigned humility, I trust."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" said Northmour roughly.

"No, no, dear Northmour!" cried the banker. "You must not say that; you must not try to shake me. You forget, my dear, good boy, you forget I may be called this very night before my Maker."

His excitement was pitiful to behold; and I felt myself grow indignant with Northmour, whose infidel opinions I well knew, and heartily dreaded, as he continued to taunt the poor sinner out of his humor of repentance.

"Pooh, my dear Huddlestone!" said he. "You do yourself injustice. You are a man of the world inside and out, and were up to all kinds of mischief before I was born. Your conscience is tanned like South American leather—only you forgot to tan your liver, and that, if you will believe me, is the seat of the annoyance."

"Rogue, rogue! bad boy!" said Mr. Huddlestone, shaking his finger. "I am no precisian, if you come to that; I always hated a precisian; but I never lost hold of something better through it all. I have been a bad boy, Mr. Cassilis; I do not seek to deny that; but it was after my wife's death, and you know, with a widower, it's a different thing: sinful—I won't say no; but there is a gradation, we shall hope. And talking of that—Hark!" he broke out suddenly, his hand raised, his fingers spread, his face racked with interest and terror. "Only the rain, bless God!" he added after a pause, and with indescribable relief. "Well—as I was saying—ah, yes! Northmour, is that girl away?"—looking round the curtain for your mother—"yes; I just remembered a capital one."

And, leaning forward in bed, he told a story of a description with which, I am

happy to say, I have never sullied my lips, and which, in his present danger and surrounded as he was with religious reading, filled me with indignation and disgust. Perhaps, my dear children, you have sometimes, when your mother was not by to mitigate my severity, found me narrow and hard in discipline; I must own I have always been a martinet in matters of decorum, and I have sometimes repented the harshness with which I reproved your unhappy grandfather upon this occasion. I will not repeat even the drift of what I said; but I reminded him, perhaps cruelly, of the horrors of his situation. Northmour burst out laughing, and cut a joke at the expense, as I considered, of politeness, decency, and reverence alike. We might readily have quarrelled then and there; but Mr. Huddlestone interposed with a severe reproof to Northmour for his levity.

"The boy is right," he said. "I am an unhappy sinner, and you but a half friend to encourage me in evil."

And with great fluency and unction he put up a short extempore prayer, at which, coming so suddenly after his anecdote, I confess I knew not where to look. Then said he: "Let us sing a hymn together, Mr. Cassilis. I have one here which my mother taught me a great, great many years ago, as you may imagine. You will find it very touching, and quite spiritual."

"Look here," broke in Northmour; "if this is going to become a prayer-meeting, I am off. Sing a hymn, indeed! What next? Go out and take a little airing on the beach, I suppose? or in the wood, where it's thick, and a man can get near enough for the stiletto? I wonder at you, Huddlestone! and I wonder at you, too, Cassilis! Ass as you are, you might have better sense than that."

Roughly as he expressed himself, I could not but admit that Northmour's protest was grounded upon common sense; and I have myself, all my life long, had little taste for singing hymns except in church. I was, therefore, the more willing to turn the talk upon the business of the hour.

"One question, sir," said I to Mr. Huddlestone. "Is it true that you have money with you?"

He seemed annoyed by the question, but admitted with reluctance that he had a little.

"Well," I continued, "it is their money they are after, is it not? Why not give it up to them?"

"Ah!" replied he, shaking his head,

"I have tried that already, Mr. Cassilis; and alas! that it should be so, but it is blood they want."

"Huddlestone, that's a little less than fair," said Northmour. "You should mention that what you offered them was upwards of two hundred thousand short. The deficit is worth a reference; it is for what they call a cool sum, Frank. Then, you see, the fellows reason in their clear Italian way; and it seems to them, as indeed it seems to me, that they may just as well have both while they're about it — money and blood together, by George, and no more trouble for the extra pleasure."

"Is it in the pavilion?" I asked.

"It is; and I wish it were in the bottom of the sea instead," said Northmour; and then suddenly — "What are you making faces at me for?" he cried to Mr. Huddlestone, on whom I had unconsciously turned my back. "Do you think Cassilis would sell you?"

Mr. Huddlestone protested that nothing had been further from his mind.

"It is a good thing," retorted Northmour in his ugliest manner. "You might end by wearying us. What were you going to say?" he added, turning to me.

"I was going to propose an occupation for the afternoon," said I. "Let us carry that money out, piece by piece, and lay it down before the pavilion door. If the *Carbonari* come, why, it's theirs at any rate."

"No, no," cried Mr. Huddlestone; "it does not, it cannot belong to them! It should be distributed *pro rata* among all my creditors."

"Come now, Huddlestone," said Northmour, "none of that."

"Well, but my daughter," moaned the wretched man.

"Your daughter will do well enough. Here are two suitors, Cassilis and I, neither of us beggars, between whom she has to choose. And as for myself, to make an end of arguments, you have no right to a farthing, and, unless I'm much mistaken, you are going to die."

It was certainly very cruelly said; but Mr. Huddlestone was a man who attracted little sympathy; and, although I saw him wince and shudder, I mentally endorsed the rebuke; nay, I added a contribution of my own.

"Northmour and I," I said, "are willing enough to help you to save your life, but not to escape with stolen property."

He struggled for a while with himself, as though he were on the point of giving

way to anger, but prudence had the best of the controversy.

"My dear boys," he said, "do with me or my money what you will. I leave all in your hands. Let me compose myself."

And so we left him, gladly enough I am sure. The last that I saw, he had once more taken up his great Bible, and was adjusting his spectacles to read. Of all the men it was ever my fortune to know, your grandfather has left the most bewildering impression on my mind; but I have no fancy to judge where I am conscious that I do not understand.

CHAPTER VII.

TELLS HOW A WORD WAS CRIED THROUGH THE PAVILION WINDOW.

THE recollection of that afternoon will always be graven on my mind. Northmour and I were persuaded that an attack was imminent; and if it had been in our power to alter in any way the order of events, that power would have been used to precipitate rather than delay the critical moment. The worst was to be anticipated; yet we could conceive no extremity so miserable as the suspense we were now suffering. I have never been an eager, though always a great, reader; but I never knew books so insipid as those which I took up and cast aside that afternoon in the pavilion. Even talk became impossible, as the hours went on. One or other was always listening for some sound, or peering from an up-stairs window over the links. And yet not a sign indicated the presence of our foes.

We debated over and over again my proposal with regard to the money; and had we been in complete possession of our faculties, I think we should have condemned it as unwise; but we were flustered with alarm, grasped at a straw, and determined, although it was as much as advertising Mr. Huddleston's presence in the pavilion, to carry my proposal into effect.

The sum was part in specie, part in bank paper, and part in circular notes payable to the name of James Gregory. We took it out, counted it, enclosed it once more in a despatch-box belonging to Northmour, and prepared a letter in Italian which we tied to the handle. It was signed by both of us under oath, and declared that this was all the money which had escaped the failure of the house of Huddleston. This was, perhaps, the maddest action ever perpetrated by two

persons professing to be sane. Had the despatch-box fallen into other hands than those for which it was intended, we stood criminally convicted on our own written testimony; but, as I have said, we were neither of us in a condition to judge soberly, and had a thirst for action that drove us to do something, right or wrong, rather than endure the agony of waiting. Moreover, as we were both convinced that the hollows of the links were alive with hidden spies upon our movements, we hoped that our appearance with the box might lead to a parley, and, perhaps, a compromise.

It was nearly three when we issued from the pavilion. The rain had taken off; the sun shone quite cheerfully. I have never seen the gulls fly so close about the house or approach so fearlessly to human beings. On the very doorstep one flapped heavily past our heads, and uttered its wild cry in my very ear.

"There is an omen for you," said Northmour, who, like all freethinkers, was much under the influence of superstition. "They think we are already dead."

I made some light rejoinder, but it was with half my heart; for the circumstance had impressed me.

A yard or two before the gate, on a path of smooth turf, we set down the despatch-box; and Northmour waved a white handkerchief over his head. Nothing replied. We raised our voices, and cried aloud in Italian that we were there as ambassadors to arrange the quarrel; but the stillness remained unbroken save by the seagulls and the surf. I had a weight at my heart when we desisted; and I saw that even Northmour was unusually pale. He looked over his shoulder nervously, as though he feared that some one had crept between him and the pavilion door.

"By God," he said in a whisper, "this is too much for me!"

I replied in the same key: "Suppose there should be none, after all?"

"Look there," he returned, nodding with his head, as though he had been afraid to point.

I glanced in the direction indicated; and there, from the northern quarter of the sea-wood, beheld a thin column of smoke rising steadily against the now cloudless sky.

"Northmour," I said (we still continued to talk in whispers), "it is not possible to endure this suspense. I prefer death fifty times over. Stay you here to watch the pavilion; I will go forward and make

sure, if I have to walk right into their camp."

He looked once again all round him with puckered eyes, and then nodded assentingly to my proposal.

My heart beat like a sledge-hammer as I set out walking rapidly in the direction of the smoke; and, though up to that moment I had felt chill and shivering, I was suddenly conscious of a glow of heat over all my body. The ground in this direction was very uneven; a hundred men might have lain hidden in as many square yards about my path. But I had not practised the business in vain, chose such routes as cut at the very root of concealment, and by keeping along the most convenient ridges, commanded several hollows at a time. It was not long before I was rewarded for my caution. Coming suddenly on to a mound somewhat more elevated than the surrounding hummocks, I saw, not thirty yards away, a man bent almost double, and running as fast as his attitude permitted, along the bottom of a gully. I had dislodged one of the spies from his ambush. As soon as I sighted him, I called loudly both in English and Italian; and he, seeing concealment was no longer possible, straightened himself out, leaped from the gully, and made off as straight as an arrow for the borders of the wood.

It was none of my business to pursue; I had learned what I wanted—that we were beleaguered and watched in the pavilion; and I returned at once, walking as nearly as possible in my old footsteps, to where Northmour awaited me beside the despatch-box. He was even paler than when I had left him, and his voice shook a little.

"Could you see what he was like?" he asked.

"He kept his back turned," I replied.

"Let us get into the house, Frank. I don't think I'm a coward, but I can stand no more of this," he whispered.

All was still and sunshiny about the pavilion, as we turned to re-enter it; even the gulls had flown in a wider circuit, and were seen flickering along the beach and sand-hills; and I can assure you, my dear children, that this loneliness terrified me more than a regiment under arms. It was not until the door was barricaded that I could draw a full inspiration and relieve the weight that lay upon my bosom. Northmour and I exchanged a steady glance; and I suppose each made his own reflections on the white and startled aspect of the other.

"You were right," I said. "All is over. Shake hands, old man, for the last time."

"Yes," replied he, "I will shake hands; for, as sure as I am here, I bear no malice. But remember, if, by some impossible accident, we should give the slip to these blackguards, I'll take the upper hand of you by fair or foul."

"Oh," said I, "you weary me!"

He seemed hurt, and walked away in silence to the foot of the stairs, where he paused.

"You do not understand," said he. "I am not a swindler, and I guard myself; that is all. It may weary you or not, Mr. Cassilis, I do not care a rush; I speak for my own satisfaction, and not for your amusement. You had better go up-stairs and court the girl; for my part, I stay here."

"And I stay with you," I returned. "Do you think I would steal a march, even with your permission?"

"Frank," he said, smiling, "it's a pity you are an ass, for you have the makings of a man. I think I must be *féy* to-day; you cannot irritate me even when you try. Do you know," he continued softly, "I think we are the two most miserable men in England, you and I? we have got on to thirty without wife or child, or so much as a shop to look after—poor, pitiful, lost devils, both! And now we clash about a girl! As if there were not several millions in the United Kingdom! Ah, Frank, the one who loses this throw, be it you or me, he has my pity! It were better for him—how does the Bible say?—that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the depth of the sea. Let us take a drink," he concluded suddenly, but without any levity of tone.

I was touched by his words, and consented. He sat down on the table in the dining-room, and held up the glass of sherry to his eye.

"If you beat me, Frank," he said, "I shall take to drink. What will you do, if it goes the other way?"

"God knows," I returned.

"Well," said he, "here is a toast in the mean time: '*Italia irridenta!*'"

The remainder of the day was passed in the same dreadful tedium and suspense. I laid the table for dinner, while Northmour and your mother prepared the meal together in the kitchen. I could hear their talk as I went to and fro, and was surprised to find it ran all the time upon myself. Northmour again bracketed us

together, and rallied your mother on a choice of husbands; but he continued to speak of me with some feeling, and uttered nothing to my prejudice unless he included himself in the condemnation. This awakened a sense of gratitude in my heart, which combined with the immediateness of our peril to fill my eyes with tears. After all, I thought—and perhaps the thought was laughably vain—we were here three very noble human beings to perish in defence of a thieving banker.

Before we sat down to table, I looked forth from an up-stairs window. The day was beginning to decline; the links were utterly deserted; the despatch-box still lay untouched where we had left it hours before.

Mr. Huddlestone, in a long, yellow dressing-gown, took one end of the table, Clara the other; while Northmour and I faced each other from the sides. The lamp was brightly trimmed; the wine was good; the viands, although mostly cold, excellent of their sort. We seemed to have agreed tacitly; all thought of the impending catastrophe was banished; and we made as merry a party of four as you would wish to see. From time to time, it is true, Northmour or I would rise from table and make a round of the defences; and, on each of these occasions, Mr. Huddlestone was recalled to a sense of his tragic predicament, glanced up with ghastly eyes, and bore for an instant on his countenance the stamp of terror. But he hastened to empty his glass, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and joined again in the conversation.

I was astonished at the wit and information he displayed. Your grandfather's, my dear children, was no ordinary character; he had read and observed for himself; his gifts were sound; and, though I could never have learned to love the man, I began to understand his success in business, and the great respect in which he had been held before his failure. He had, above all, the talent of society; and, though I never heard him speak but on this one and most unfavorable occasion, I set him down among the most brilliant conversationalists I ever met.

He was relating with great gusto, and seemingly no feeling of shame, the manoeuvres of a scoundrelly commission merchant whom he had known and studied in his youth, and we were all listening with an odd mixture of mirth and embarrassment, when our little party was brought abruptly to an end in the most startling manner.

A noise like that of a wet finger on the window-pane interrupted your grandfather's tale; and in an instant we were all four as white as paper, and sat tongue-tied and motionless around the table.

"A snail," I said at last; for I had heard that these animals make a noise somewhat similar in character.

"Snail be d—d!" said Northmour. "Hush!"

The same sound was repeated twice at regular intervals; and then a formidable voice shouted through the shutters the Italian word "*Traditore!*"

Mr. Huddlestone threw his head in the air; his eyelids quivered; next moment he fell insensible below the table. Northmour and I had each run to the armory and seized a gun. Your mother was on her feet with her hand at her throat.

So we stood waiting, for we thought the hour of attack was certainly come; but second passed after second, and all but the surf remained silent in the neighborhood of the pavilion.

"Quick," said Northmour; "up-stairs with him before they come."

CHAPTER VIII.

TELLS THE LAST OF THE TALL MAN.

SOMEHOW or other, by hook and crook, and between the three of us, we got Bernard Huddlestone bundled up-stairs and laid upon the bed in *My Uncle's Room*. During the whole process, which was rough enough, he gave no sign of consciousness, and he remained, as we had thrown him, without changing the position of a finger. Your mother opened his shirt and began to wet his head and bosom, while Northmour and I ran to the window. The weather continued clear; the moon, which was now about full, had risen and shed a very clear light upon the links; yet, strain our eyes as we might, we could distinguish nothing moving. A few dark spots, more or less, on the uneven expanse were not to be identified; they might be crouching men, they might be shadows; it was impossible to be sure.

"Thank God," said Northmour, "Aggie is not coming to-night."

Aggie was the name of the old nurse; he had not thought of her till now; but that he should think of her at all, was a trait that surprised me in the man.

We were again reduced to waiting. Northmour went to the fireplace and spread his hands before the red embers, as if he were cold. I followed him mechanically with my eyes, and in so doing

turned my back upon the window. At that moment, a very faint report was audible from without, and a ball shivered a pane of glass, and buried itself in the shutter two inches from my head. I heard your mother scream; and though I whipped instantly out of range and into a corner, she was there, so to speak, before me, with her arms about my neck, and beseeching to know if I were hurt. I felt that I could stand to be shot at every day and all day long, with such marks of solicitude for a reward; and I was still busy returning her caresses, in complete forgetfulness of our situation, when the voice of Northmour recalled me to myself.

"An air-gun," he said. "They wish to make no noise."

I put your mother aside, and looked at him. He was standing with his back to the fire and his hands clasped behind him; and I knew, by the black look on his face, that passion was boiling within. I had seen just such a look before he attacked me, that March night, in the adjoining chamber; and, though I could make every allowance for his anger, I confess I trembled for the consequences. I glanced at your mother with warning in my eyes; but she misinterpreted my glance, and continued to cling to me and make much of me. Northmour gazed straight before him; but he could see with the tail of his eye what we were doing, and his temper kept rising like a gale of wind. With regular battle awaiting us outside, this prospect of an internecine strife within the walls began to daunt me.

Suddenly, as I was thus closely watching his expression and prepared against the worst, I saw a change, a flash, a look of relief, upon his face. He took up the lamp which stood beside him on the table, and turned to us with an air of some excitement.

"There is one point that we must know," said he. "Are they going to butcher the lot of us, or only Huddleston? Did they take you for him, and fire at you for your own *beaux yeux*?"

"They took me for him, for certain," I replied. "I am near as tall, and my head is fair."

"I am going to make sure," returned Northmour; and he stepped up to the window, holding the lamp above his head, and stood there, quietly affronting death, for half a minute.

Your mother sought to rush forward and pull him from the place of danger; but I had the pardonable selfishness to hold her back by force.

"Yes," said Northmour, turning coolly from the window; "it's only Huddleston they want."

"Oh, Mr. Northmour!" cried your mother; but found no more to add; the temerity she had just witnessed seeming beyond the reach of words.

He, on his part, looked at me, cocking his head, with the fire of triumph in his eyes; and I understood at once that he had thus hazarded his life, merely to attract your mother's notice, and depose me from my position as the hero of the hour. He snapped his fingers.

"The fire is only beginning," said he. "When they warm up to their work, they won't be so particular."

A voice was now heard hailing us from the entrance. From the window we could see the figure of a man in the moonlight; he stood motionless, his face uplifted to ours, and a rag of something white on his extended arm; and as we looked right down upon him, though he was a good many yards distant on the links, we could see the moonlight glitter on his eyes.

He opened his lips again, and spoke for some minutes on end, in a key so loud that he might have been heard in every corner of the pavilion, and as far away as the borders of the wood. It was the same voice that had already shouted "*Tradtore!*" through the shutters of the dining-room; this time it made a complete and clear statement. If the traitor "Oddleston" were given up, all others should be spared; if not, no one should escape to tell the tale.

"Well, Huddleston, what do you say to that?" asked Northmour, turning to the bed.

Up to that moment the banker had given no sign of life, and I, at least, had supposed him to be still lying in a faint; but he replied at once, and in such tones as I have never heard elsewhere, save from a delirious patient, adjured and besought us not to desert him. It was the most hideous and abject performance that my imagination can conceive.

"Enough, you dirty hound!" cried Northmour; and then he threw open the window, leaned out into the night, and in a tone of exultation, and with a total forgetfulness of what was done by your mother, poured out upon the ambassador a string of the most abominable railery both in English and Italian, and bade him be gone where he had come from. I believe that nothing so delighted Northmour at that moment as the thought that

we must all infallibly perish before the night was out.

Meantime the Italian put his flag of truce into his pocket, and disappeared, at a leisurely pace, among the sand-hills.

"They make honorable war," said Northmour. "They are all gentlemen and soldiers. For the credit of the thing, I wish we could change sides — you and I, Frank, and you too, Missy my darling — and leave the jackal on the bed to some one else. Tut! Don't look shocked! We are all going post to what they call eternity, and may as well be above-board while there's time. As far as I'm concerned, if I could first strangle Huddleston and then get Clara in my arms, I could die with some pride and satisfaction. And as it is, by God, I'll have a kiss!"

Before I could do anything to interfere, he had rudely embraced and repeatedly kissed your resisting mother. Next moment I had pulled him away with fury, and flung him heavily against the wall. He laughed loud and long, and I feared his wits had given way under the strain; for even in the best of days he had been a sparing and quiet laughter.

"Now, Frank," said he, when his mirth was somewhat appeased, "it's your turn. Here's my hand. Good-bye; farewell!" Then, seeing me stand rigid and indignant, and holding your mother to my side — "Man!" he broke out, "are you angry? Did you think we were going to die with all the airs and graces of society? I took a kiss; I'm glad I had it; and now you can take another if you like, and square accounts."

I turned from him with a feeling of contempt which I did not seek to dissemble.

"As you please," said he. "You've been a prig in life; a prig you'll die."

And with that he sat down in a chair, a rifle over his knee, and amused himself with snapping the lock; but I could see that his ebullition of light spirits (the only one I ever knew him to display) had already come to an end, and was succeeded by a sullen, scowling humor.

All this time our assailants might have been entering the house, and we been none the wiser; we had in truth, one and all, forgotten the danger that so imminently overhung our days. But just then Mr. Huddleston uttered a cry, and leaped from the bed.

I asked him what was wrong.

"Fire!" he cried. "They have set the house on fire."

Northmour was on his feet in an instant, and he and I ran through the doors of communication with the study. The room was illuminated by a red and angry light. Almost at the moment of our entrance, a tower of flame arose in front of the window, and with a tingling report, a pane fell inwards on the carpet. They had set fire to the lean-to out-house, where Northmour used to nurse his negatives.

"Hot work," said Northmour. "Let us try in your old room."

We ran thither in a breath, threw up the casement, and looked forth. Along the whole back wall of the pavilion piles of fuel had been arranged and kindled; and it is probable they had been drenched with mineral oil, for, in spite of the morning's rain, they all burned bravely. The fire had taken a firm hold already on the outhouse, which blazed higher and higher every moment; the back door was in the centre of a red-hot bonfire; the eaves we could see, as we looked upward, were already smouldering, for the roof overhung, and was supported by considerable beams of wood. At the same time, hot, pungent, and choking volumes of smoke began to fill the house. There was not a human being to be seen to right or left.

"Ah, well!" said Northmour, "here's the end, thank God."

And we returned to *My Uncle's Room*. Mr. Huddleston was putting on his boots with an air of determination such as I had not hitherto observed. Your mother stood close by him, with her cloak in both hands ready to throw about her shoulders, and a strange look in her eyes, as if she were half hopeful, half doubtful of her father.

"Well, boys and girls," said Northmour, "how about a sally? The oven is heating; it is not good to stay here and be baked; and, for my part, I want to come to my hands with them, and be done."

"There is nothing else left," I replied.

And both your mother and Mr. Huddleston, though with a very different intonation, added, "Nothing."

As we went down-stairs the heat was excessive, and the roaring of the fire filled our ears; and we had scarce reached the passage before the stairs window fell in, a branch of flame shot brandishing through the aperture, and the interior of the pavilion became lit up with that dreadful and fluctuating glare. At the same moment we heard the fall of something heavy and inelastic in the upper story. The whole pavilion, it was plain, had gone alight like

a box of matches, and now not only flamed sky-high to land and sea, but threatened with every moment to crumble and fall in about our ears.

Northmour and I cocked our revolvers. Mr. Huddlestone, who had already refused a firearm, put us behind him with a manner of command.

"Let Clara open the door," said he. "So, if they fire a volley, she will be protected. And in the mean time stand behind me. I am the scapegoat; my sins have found me out."

I heard him, as I stood breathless by his shoulder, with my pistol ready, pattering off prayers in a tremulous, rapid whisper; and I confess, horrid as the thought may seem, I despised him for thinking of supplications in a moment so critical and thrilling. In the mean time, your mother, who was dead white but still possessed her faculties, had displaced the barricade from the front door. Another moment, and she had pulled it open. Firelight and moonlight illuminated the links with confused and changeful lustre, and far away against the sky we could see a long trail of glowing smoke.

Mr. Huddlestone struck Northmour and myself a back-hander in the chest; and while we were thus for the moment incapacitated from action, lifting his arms above his head like one about to dive, he ran straight forward out of the pavilion.

"Here am I!" he cried—"Huddlestone! Kill me, and spare the others!"

His sudden appearance daunted, I suppose, our hidden enemies; for Northmour and I had time to recover, to seize Clara between us, one by each arm, and to rush forth to his assistance, ere anything further had taken place. But scarce had we passed the threshold when there came near a dozen reports and flashes from every direction among the hollows of the links. Mr. Huddlestone staggered, uttered a weird and freezing cry, threw up his arms over his head, and fell backward on the turf.

"*Traditore! Traditore!*" cried the invisible avengers.

And just then, a part of the roof of the pavilion fell in, so rapid was the progress of the fire. A loud, vague, and horrible noise accompanied the collapse, and a vast volume of flame went soaring up to heaven. It must have been visible at that moment from twenty miles out at sea, from the shore at Graden Wester, and far inland from the peak of Graystiel, the most eastern summit of the Caulder hills. Your grandfather, although God

knows what were his obsequies, had a fine pyre at the moment of his death.

CHAPTER IX.

TELLS HOW NORTHMOUR CARRIED OUT HIS THREAT.

I SHOULD have the greatest difficulty to tell you what followed next after this tragic circumstance. It is all to me, as I look back upon it, mixed, strenuous, and ineffectual, like the struggles of a sleeper in a nightmare. Your mother, I remember, uttered a broken sigh and would have fallen forward to earth, had not Northmour and I supported her insensible body. I do not think we were attacked; I do not remember even to have seen an assailant; and I believe we deserted Mr. Huddlestone without a glance. I only remember running like a man in a panic, now carrying your mother altogether in my own arms, now sharing her weight with Northmour, now scuffling confusedly for the possession of that dear burden. Why we should have made for my camp in the Hemlock Den, or how we reached it, are points lost forever to my recollection. The first moment at which I became definitely sure, your mother had been suffered to fall against the outside of my little tent, Northmour and I were tumbling together on the ground, and he, with contained ferocity, was striking for my head with the butt of his revolver. He had already twice wounded me on the scalp; and it is to the consequent loss of blood that I am tempted to attribute the sudden clearness of my mind.

I caught him by the wrist. "Northmour," I remember saying, "you can kill me afterwards. Let us first attend to Clara."

He was at that moment uppermost. Scarcely had the words passed my lips, when he had leaped to his feet and ran towards your mother; and the next moment, he was straining her to his heart and covering her unconscious hands and face with his caresses.

"Shame!" I cried. "Shame to you, Northmour!"

And, giddy though I still was, I struck him repeatedly upon the head and shoulders.

He relinquished his grasp, and faced me in the broken moonlight.

"I had you under, and I let you go," said he; "and now you strike me! Coward!"

"You are the coward," I retorted. "Did she wish your kisses while she was

still sensible of what she wanted? Not she! And now she may be dying; and you waste this precious time, licking her face like a dog. Stand aside, and let me help her."

He confronted me for a moment, white and menacing; then suddenly he stepped aside.

"Help her then," said he.

I threw myself on my knees beside your mother, and loosened, as well as I was able, her dress and corset; but while I was thus engaged, a grasp descended on my shoulder.

"Keep your hands off her," said Northmour fiercely. "Do you think I have no blood in my veins?"

"Northmour," I cried, "if you will neither help her yourself, nor let me do so, do you know that I shall have to kill you?"

"That is better!" he cried. "Let her die also, where's the harm? Step aside from that girl! and stand up to fight."

"You will observe," said I, half rising, "that I have not kissed her yet."

"I dare you to," he cried.

I do not know what possessed me, my dear children; it was one of the things I am most ashamed of in my life, though, as your mother used to say, I knew that my kisses would be always welcome, were she dead or living; down I fell again upon my knees, parted the hair from her forehead, and, with the dearest respect, laid my lips for a moment on that cold brow. It was such a caress as a father might have given; it was such a one as was not unbecoming from a man soon to die to a woman already dead.

"And now," said I, "I am at your service, Mr. Northmour."

But I saw, to my surprise, that he had turned his back upon me.

"Do you hear?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "I do. If you wish to fight, I am ready. If not, go on and save Clara. All is one to me."

I did not wait to be twice bidden; but, stooping again over your mother, continued my efforts to revive her. She still lay white and lifeless; I began to fear that her sweet spirit had indeed fled beyond recall, and horror and a sense of utter desolation seized upon my heart. I called her by name with the most endearing inflections; I chafed and beat her hands; now I laid her head low, now supported it against my knee; but all seemed to be in vain, and the lids still lay heavy on your mother's eyes.

"Northmour," I said, "there is my hat."

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For God's sake bring some water from the spring."

Almost in a moment he was by my side with the water.

"I have brought it in my own," he said. "You do not grudge me the privilege?"

"Northmour," I was beginning to say, as I laved your mother's head and breast; but he interrupted me savagely.

"Oh, you hush up!" he said. "The best thing you can do is to say nothing."

I had certainly no desire to talk, my mind being swallowed up in concern for my dear love and her condition; so I continued in silence to do my best towards her recovery, and, when the hat was empty, returned it to him, with one word—"More." He had, perhaps, gone several times upon this errand, when your mother reopened her eyes.

"Now," said he, "since she is better, you can spare me, can you not? I wish you a good night, Mr. Cassilis."

And with that he was gone among the thicket. I made a fire for your mother, for I had now no fear of the Italians, who had even spared all the little possessions left in my encampment; and, broken as she was by the excitement and the hideous catastrophe of the evening, I managed, in one way or another—by persuasion, encouragement, warmth, and such simple remedies as I could lay my hand on—to bring her back to some composure of mind and strength of body. We were soon talking, sadly, perhaps, but not unhopefully, of our joint future; and I, with my arm about her waist, sought to inspire her with a sense of help and protection from one who, not only then, but till the day she died, would have joyfully sacrificed his life to do her pleasure.

Day had already come, when a sharp "Hist!" sounded from the thicket. I started from the ground; but the voice of Northmour was heard adding, in the most tranquil tones: "Come here, Cassilis, and alone; I want to show you something."

I consulted your mother with my eyes, and, receiving her tacit permission, left her alone, and clambered out of the den. At some distance off I saw Northmour leaning against an elder; and, as soon as he perceived me, he began walking seaward. I had almost overtaken him as he reached the outskirts of the wood.

"Look," said he, pausing.

A couple of steps more brought me out of the foliage. The light of the morning lay cold and clear over that well-known

scene. The pavilion was but a blackened wreck; the roof had fallen in, one of the gables had fallen out; and, far and near, the face of the links was cicatrized with little patches of burned furze. Thick smoke still went straight upwards in the windless air of the morning, and a great pile of ardent cinders filled the bare walls of the house, like coals in an open grate. Close by the islet a schooner yacht lay to, and a well-manned boat was pulling vigorously for the shore.

"The 'Red Earl'!" I cried. "The 'Red Earl' twelve hours too late!"

"Feel in your pocket, Frank. Are you armed?" asked Northmour.

I obeyed him, and I think I must have become deadly pale. My revolver had been taken from me.

"You see I have you in my power," he continued. "I disarmed you last night while you were nursing Clara; but this morning — here — take your pistol. No thanks!" he cried, holding up his hand. "I do not like them; that is the only way you can annoy me now."

He began to walk forward across the links to meet the boat, and I followed a step or two behind. In front of the pavilion I paused to see where Mr. Huddleston had fallen; but there was no sign of him, nor so much as a trace of blood.

"Safe in Graden Floe," said Northmour. "Four minutes and a half, Frank! And the Italians? Gone too; they were night-birds, and they have all flown before daylight."

He continued to advance till we had come to the head of the beach.

"No further, please," said he. "Would you like to take her to Graden House?"

"Thank you," replied I; "I shall try to get her to the minister's at Graden Wester."

The prow of the boat here grated on the beach, and a sailor jumped ashore with a line in his hand.

"Wait a minute, lads!" cried Northmour; and then lower and to my private ear: "You had better say nothing of all this to her," he added.

"On the contrary," I broke out, "she shall know everything that I can tell."

"You do not understand," he returned, with an air of great dignity. "It will be nothing to her; she expects it of me."

Thus, my dear children, had your mother exerted her influence for good upon this violent man. Years and years after, she used to call that speech her

patent of nobility; and "she expects it of me" became a sort of by-word in our married life, and was often more powerful than an argument to mould me to her will.

"Good-bye!" said he, with a nod.

I offered him my hand.

"Excuse me," said he. "It's small, I know; but I can't push things quite so far as that. I don't wish any sentimental business, to sit by your hearth a white-haired wanderer, and all that. Quite the contrary: I hope to God I shall never again clap eyes on either one of you."

"Well, God bless you, Northmour!" I said heartily.

"Oh, yes," he returned. "He'll bless me. You let him alone."

He walked down the beach; and the man who was ashore gave him an arm on board, and then shoved off and leaped into the bows himself. Northmour took the tiller; the boat rose to the waves, and the oars between the thole-pins sounded crisp and measured in the morning air.

They were not yet half-way to the "Red Earl," and I was still watching their progress, when the sun rose out of the sea.

One word more, and my story is done. Years after, Northmour was killed fighting under the colors of Garibaldi for the liberation of the Tyrol.

R. L. S.

From Fraser's Magazine.

AN HISTORICAL LOVE MATCH.

AT the court of Henry VIII. there lived the sister of the king, a young girl of some seventeen years, and a universal favorite. Though slightly short for a Tudor, the princess Mary is described by contemporaries as the greatest beauty of her day. "This last Sunday in Lent," writes an unknown correspondent to Margaret of Savoy, the clever daughter of the bankrupt emperor Maximilian, "the man of few pence," as he was called, "I saw the princess Mary dressed in the Milanese fashion; and I think never man saw a more beautiful creature, or one possessed of so much grace and sweetness." Similar testimony is borne by Gerard de Pleine, president of the Council of the Prince of Castile. "I would not write to you about the princess," he says to Margaret, "until I had seen her several times. I assure you that she is one of the most beautiful young women in

the world. I think I never saw a more charming creature. She is very graceful. Her deportment in dancing and in conversation is as pleasing as you could desire. There is nothing gloomy or melancholy about her. I am certain if you had seen her you would never rest until you had her over. I assure you she has been well educated." So charming a specimen of her sex was not allowed to remain long in the cold shade of spinsterhood. Scarcely had Mary passed the boundary when the girl bids farewell to the child, than she had been betrothed to Prince Charles, afterwards the famous Charles V. "The sister of the king of England," writes Peter Martyr, "was betrothed to Prince Charles on condition that he should marry her when he had passed the age of fourteen." In spite of the boyishness of her *fiancé* Mary appears then to have been far from averse to her future husband. "It is certain, from everything I hear," says De Pleine, "that she is much attached to the prince, of whom she has a very bad picture. And never a day passes that she does not express a wish to see him, *plus de dix fois, comme l'on m'a affirmé*. I had imagined that she would have been very tall, but she is of middling height, and, as I think, a much better match in age and person for the prince than I had heard or could have believed before I saw her." The love, however, if it ever existed, was all on one side. Charles was a delicate, sickly lad, and already showed signs of the cold, calculating disposition which afterwards characterized him. He was unlike all other boys. In an age when skill in all athletic exercises was considered part of the education of a gentleman, Charles took little interest in active sports, and only saved himself in the eyes of the emperor Maximilian from being considered a bastard by occasionally going out hunting. His mother's insanity had apparently cast its shadow over him, and caused his disposition to be singularly sedate and melancholy. A lad in years, he was already a man. He attended closely to his studies; he watched, with the precocity of one whose mind has developed at the expense of the body, the details of public business; he never broke out into any of the escapades of youth, and severely took his attendants to task if they failed to follow his rigid example; he was always taciturn and absorbed in thought, and his reflections were seldom occupied with matters which did not tend to advance his own interests.

At the age of fifteen, it is said, he was his own prime minister, and got out of bed at midnight to reply to the despatches of his ambassadors. Neither the prince nor those who advised him were inclined to hasten the marriage. Charles was already of the age required, but it was not considered advisable, owing to his feeble constitution, for him to enter at present into the state of matrimony. His Council, fearful that their authority would be undermined by the alliance with England, did all in their power to fence off the evil day. Both Maximilian and Ferdinand were doubtful as to the wisdom of the engagement with Mary; they had recently entered into a secret alliance with France, and one of the articles of the new treaty was the union of the Prince of Castile with a French princess; hence, not being off with the old love before they were on with the new, they pursued a course vacillating and disingenuous. Wolsey, with his eyes intent upon events across the Channel, was of opinion that the interests of England could be better served than by a union with the Low Countries. The handsome Mary was consoling herself at Windsor for all this postponement by flirting with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the most splendid subject of his day; whilst the boy-prince was far more occupied with his dreams of future power and wealth, than with the English beauty to whom his hand had been pledged. Henry VIII. was the only one anxious to see the contract fulfilled.

And now, whilst delays and excuses were waiting upon this ill-starred betrothal, an event occurred which was to turn the current of the past intrigues into another channel. Lewis XII. of France became a widower, and scarcely had the body of Anne of Brittany been consigned to the tomb, than Wolsey was busy with his schemes for effecting an alliance between England and France. Negotiations were entered into between the astute prelate and the Duke of Longueville, who, since his captivity in England, after the Battle of Spurs, had lived much in the society of the court, and had written to his master in glowing terms of the beauty of Mary. The matter was kept, on its first being broached, a profound secret. Henry gave his assent to the scheme. Lewis, though old enough to be Mary's father, was charmed with all he had heard of the princess, and soon became a far more ardent lover than the calculating boy of Castile. "Le bon

vieillard," writes a correspondent to Margaret of Savoy, with the coarse frankness of his age, "veult avoir la jeune garce, pour essayer s'il pourra encoires avoir ung fils." Whether pressure was put upon Mary to obtain her consent to the claims of this new suitor we know not. She may have thought that between a sickly boy of fourteen and a feeble man of fifty there was little to choose; what however chiefly induced her to accept the hand of the more elderly of her two lovers was the promise made to her by Henry, that if she would only comply with his wishes in this instance, on the next occasion of the kind she should be at liberty to act as she pleased. From what afterwards transpired, there can be no doubt that Mary at this time was deeply enamored of the handsome Suffolk, and since she must bestow her hand either upon Charles or Lewis, the most welcome husband was the one from whom she would the most speedily be released. The Prince of Spain, though a delicate lad, might yet continue to live many years; whilst Lewis, ill and worn out, could not be expected to remain much longer upon the throne. Accordingly Mary listened to the wishes of her brother, and agreed to become queen of France. She wrote politely to Lewis that "for the honor which it has pleased you to do to me, I hold myself ever indebted and obliged to you, and thank you as cordially as I can," and that she had "the very singular desire" to see him and to be in his company. At the royal manor of Wanstead, in the presence of a large company, she signed a public declaration of her engagement to the Most Christian king, and appointed Charles, Earl of Worcester, to act as her proxy in France. She was conducted across the Channel by a splendid retinue, and met Lewis at Abbeville. The marriage took place early in October, and the beauty of the young queen—a beauty, as Peter Martyr remarks, without the adventitious aids of art—soon won the hearts of her new subjects.

Noble dame, bien soit venue en France :
Par toi vivons en plaisir et en joye,
Francoys, Angloys, vivent a leur plaisance ;
Louange à Dieu du bien qu'il nous envoie !

The alliance dazzled all Europe, and it seemed as if the policy of Wolsey were to be crowned with success. The most cordial feelings subsisted between the two nations—Englishmen crowded the reception rooms at Versailles, French-

men were made welcome at Windsor and Whitehall; the once rival monarchs were now bosom friends, and there was nothing that Lewis would decline to perform for his "deare brother." From a second-rate kingdom under the dictation of Ferdinand of Aragon, England had at once risen to the highest rank in the family of nations. The vanity of the hour had silenced the dictates of the heart, and Mary, not yet accustomed to the lofty station of a queen, was an amused observer at tournaments and pageants, delighting in wearing her magnificent jewellery and her "gowns after the French fashion," her "gowns after Milan fashion," her "gowns after the English fashion;" her bonnets, esquilletes, and manteaux and hoods. All was bright and merry and prosperous; but only for a brief period. Then the end came, and the schemes that man had planned were dashed to the ground, at the very moment when the blossom was so full of promise. Lewis, after a brief period of some eighty days' domestic felicity, was suddenly called to his rest, and the English alliance was at an end.

A new order of things was ushered in. Instead of the valetudinarian Lewis, there was now seated on the throne of France a young, ambitious sovereign, eager for conquest and ready to plunge all Europe into war. England had much to fear. She had made an enemy of Francis of Valois by imperilling his succession through the marriage between Mary and Lewis. She had offended Prince Charles by cavalierly repudiating his betrothal. She had been intriguing against Ferdinand to obtain Castile. The old emperor was still her ally, but Maximilian was ever ready to sell himself to those who paid him best, and could not be trusted. "War," writes Mr. Brewer,* "gloomed in all directions and in all forms. Who was to ride the storm and manage the elements? That was the question which every man asked, and each one answered in his own way. And yet it might have been so different! Had Lewis but lived a little longer, had his widow but given birth to a son, had the designs of man not been foiled by the will of God, the policy of Wolsey might have been, instead of the triumph of an hour, one so lasting and enduring as to be inseparable from the annals of French history. To indulge in vain regrets was, however, now

* State Papers. Henry VIII. — 1515-1518. Edited by the Rev. J. S. Brewer. Preface.

useless. The first step to be taken was to congratulate the French king on his accession, and to humor him, so that he might deal handsomely with the young queen-dowager. At the head of an imposing embassy the Duke of Suffolk was introduced to Francis at Noyon. His reception was most cordial. Francis inquired affectionately after the health of Henry and Catharine, and expressed his gratification at this renewal of the friendship between the two countries. According to the tedious etiquette on such occasions, West, afterwards Bishop of Ely, delivered a long Latin oration on the virtues and qualities of a good ruler, and concluded with the hope that the future conduct of the king of France would be in harmony with the promises he had made when Duke of Angoulême. In reply Francis thanked the deputation for their good wishes, and alluded in becoming terms to the death of his predecessor. They had good reason to be sorry, he said with courteous hypocrisy, "forasmuch as the late king had married the princess Mary, of which marriage he was a great cause, trusting that it should have long endured." In the name of his master Suffolk then thanked the king for the kindness he had shown to Mary during the sad time of her bereavement, calling to his mind "how lovingly he had written to Henry by his last letters, that he would neither do her wrong, nor suffer her to take wrong of any other person; but be to her as a loving son should be to his mother." Francis answered that "he could do no less for his honor, seeing that she was Henry's sister, a noble princess married to his predecessor," and he hoped that she would write to England "how lovingly he had behaved to her."

With mutual compliments the public audience ended; all had passed smoothly, and beneath the formal courtesies there was a sincerity for which neither side had been prepared. Shortly after the dismissal of the embassy Francis sent privately for Suffolk. "My Lord of Suffolk," said the king, brusquely, as the duke entered his bed-chamber, "there is a bruit in this my realm that you are come to marry with the queen, your master's sister?" Confused at this sudden announcement of his fondest hopes, and mindful of the difficulties that could be thrown across the path of his love, Suffolk stammered forth that the report was unfounded. He begged the king not to imagine for a moment that he would dare to come into a strange realm and there marry a queen without

the permission of the sovereign. "I assure your Grace," said he, "that I have no such purpose; nor was it ever intended on the king my master's behalf, nor on mine." Francis, however, soon silenced the protestations of the enamored duke. "Since you will not be plain with me," said he to Suffolk, "I must be plain with you. Her Majesty herself has informed me of your mutual attachment, and I have promised on my faith and truth and by the troth of a king to do my best to help her." Then, to prove that he was no stranger to the flirtations of the past, the king smilingly alluded to certain secrets which had passed between the lovers, causing the detected Suffolk to blush crimson. "The which I knew no man alive could tell them but she," he writes to Wolsey; "and when he told them I was abashed, and he saw it and said, 'Be not disturbed, for you shall say that you have found a kind friend and a loving; and because you shall think no wrong of her, I give you in your hand my faith and troth, by the word of a king, that I shall never fail her or you; but to help and advance this matter betwixt her and you with as good a will as I would for mine own self.'" Such generosity at once appealed to the heart of Suffolk. He was loud in his protestations of gratitude, and begged Francis to use his good offices with Henry, for "that I was lyke to be undone if the matter schold coume to the knollag of the kyng me masster," he writes in his awful spelling. The French king, however, assured the anxious lover that he need have no fears as to the future; that he, his Majesty, would befriend him, and that on their arrival at Paris the duke should see the queen, and then both he, the king, and she would write letters with their own hands to Henry "in the best manner that could be devised." The duke was enchanted that the man whom he had considered as the greatest opponent of his suit should have been transformed into his staunchest advocate. "I find myself," he writes thankfully to Wolsey, "much bounden to God, considering he that I feared most is contented to be the doer of this act himself."

That Suffolk was deeply smitten with the charms of Mary was no secret to her royal brother, for between Henry and the duke there existed the warmest friendship. From a simple commoner the king had raised Charles Brandon to the highest dignity in the peerage, had made him his constant companion, and had thus excited the jealousy of the Council and the

old aristocracy against the favorite. Both men were of the same age, both were captivated by the same tastes, and both excelled in martial exercises. "The Duke of Suffolk," says Giustinian, "is associated with his Majesty *tanquam intelligentiam assistentem orbi*, which governs, commands, and acts with authority scarcely inferior to the king himself." Of the question of marriage between the duke and his sister, Henry had neither openly approved nor disapproved. He was content to let matters take their course, but by placing no obstacle in the way he seems tacitly to have consented to the union; he was, however, sternly opposed to any steps being taken without his full knowledge. He had promised Mary when she left him "at the water side," that if, to oblige him, she would marry Lewis this time, she should be permitted on the next occasion to do "as she list." If therefore she now "listed" to marry Suffolk in preference to a more brilliant suitor, he would not actually thwart her inclinations, though he would not as yet decidedly encourage them. Nor had he been displeased at the deferential conduct of the duke in the matter. "Joyous I am as any creature living," writes Wolsey to Suffolk, whose suit he stoutly furthered at every opportunity,

to hear as well of your honorable entertainment with the French King, and of his loving mind towards you for your marriage with the French Queen, our Master's sister, as also of his kind offer made unto you, that both he and the said French Queen shall effectually write unto the King's grace for the obtaining of his goodwill and favor unto the same. The contents of which your letter I have at good leisure declared unto the King's highness, and his Grace marvellously rejoiced to hear of your good speed in the same, and how substantially and discreetly ye ordered and handled yourself in your words and your communication with the said French King, when he first secretly brake with you of the said marriage. And therefore, my Lord, *the King and I* think it good that ye procure and solicit the speedy sending unto his Grace of the letters from the said French King, touching this matter. *Assuring you that the King continueth firmly in his good mind and purpose towards you, for the accomplishment of the said marriage, albeit that there be daily on every side practices made to the let of the same, which I have withstooded hitherto, and doubt not so to do till ye shall have achieved your intended purpose; and ye shall say by that time that ye know all that ye have had of me a fast friend.**

* A draft only of this letter is amongst the State Papers; the words in italics are inserted by Wolsey himself.

On his arrival at Paris Suffolk at once hastened to the Hotel de Clugny, where Mary was then, according to the etiquette required of a royal widow of France, mourning her loss, attired in white, and stretched upon a couch in a darkened chamber, illuminated only by wax tapers — hence the epithet of *la royne blanche*, which was now attached to Mary. Suffolk was no stranger in the apartments of the young queen. During the brief period between the marriage of Mary and her widowhood, the handsome duke had been constant in his attendance upon her. He had been her companion at pageants and tournaments; he was a frequent guest at the table of Lewis; his horses and splendid retinue were familiar objects to all the Parisians, whilst his society seems to have been as acceptable to the elderly king as it was to his youthful bride. "And as to the reception and good cheer which my cousin of Suffolk tells you that I have given him," writes Lewis in the last letter he was ever to send to Henry, "and for which you thank me, it needs not, my good brother, cousin, and compeer, that you should render many thanks, for I beg you to believe that, independent of the place I know he holds with you and the love you bear him, his virtues, manners, politeness, and good condition deserve that he should be received with even greater honor." And yet, dangerous as this intimacy at first sight appears between a young married woman linked to a husband who, in the opinion of some, was only a husband in name, and a man to whom it was known she was fondly attached, so loyal and discreet was their friendship that scandal was silenced, and the carping Parisians had to look elsewhere for a victim.

Suffolk had only returned to London a few days before the death of Lewis, and his appearance was now doubly welcome to the queen after their brief separation and in her isolated state. He did not allow the interview to last many minutes before he asked the question which, during the hours of his journey from Noyon, had been much agitating him. With the hurt pride of a lover he desired to know how it was that Mary had permitted herself to divulge to Francis those little confidences which had passed between them, and which he had never expected a third person to share. The queen hesitated, and then, on the question being repeated, confessed that Francis had been "imfortunate with her in divers matters not to her honor," which made her "so weary

and so afeard" he would endeavor to effect the ruin of Suffolk that, in order to be relieved of the annoyance of his suit, which was not to her honor, she had thought frankness the best policy, and had said to the king, "Sir, I beseech you that you will let me alone, and speak no more of these matters, and if you will promise me, by your faith and truth, and as you are a true prince, that you will keep it counsel and help me, I will tell you all my whole mind." On his promise of secrecy Mary avowed her attachment to Suffolk, that she considered herself as his betrothed, and that the objections which her brother, by the advice of his Council, might raise, were the only barrier to their union.

Throughout the whole of this affair Henry was perfectly at his ease. He no more troubled himself with the designs of Francis than he did with the gossip that reached his ears from his agents and envoys. He had the fullest confidence in his sister and in Suffolk. Mary some weeks back had pledged herself in a letter to Wolsey that she would contract no alliance without the approval of her brother, whilst Suffolk on the eve of his starting at the head of the mission to France had sworn upon oath that he would not take advantage of his position to obtain any undue influence over the queen-dowager, nor tempt her to plight to him an unsanctioned troth. The king was perfectly content with these two solemn assertions, and watched with amusement the eagerness of the suitors for his sister's hand and fortune. The Duke of Savoy had been rejected. The same fate had befallen the Prince of Portugal and the Duke of Bavaria. Even the penniless and worn-out Maximilian had been tempted by the rich prize to enter the lists. He had declared, not long since, to his daughter Margaret that "he would never marry again for beauty or money were he to die for it." But heiresses so charming and with such prospective advantages (for as yet uncertainty was attached to Henry's issue), as *la royne blanche* were seldom in the market, and the stout resolve of the bankrupt emperor was unable to withstand the temptation. He was struck by a portrait of Mary which was shown him, and "kept his eyes fixed upon it for a full half-hour or more." Satisfied as to the beauty of the young widow, his next step was to commission his daughter Margaret of Savoy "to write to the king of England to get the lady into his own hands, urging his Maj-

esty of England that if she be married in France and were to die without heirs, his kingdom would be exposed to great hazards." He was, however, no more favored than his predecessors. It was Suffolk and only Suffolk that Mary had resolved to wed. Again she wrote pressing her brother for his decision. She reminded him that she had consented at his request, and for the peace of Christendom, to marry Lewis of France "though he was very aged and sickly," on condition that if she survived him she should marry whom she liked. She declared that Suffolk had all her heart, and to none else would she be united; rather than give her hand to another she vowed she would seek the refuge of a convent. "For if you will have me married," she threatened, "in any place saving whereas my mind is, I will be there whereas your Grace nor none other shall have any joy of me; for I promise your Grace you shall hear that I will be in some religious house, the which I think your Grace would be very sorry of, and your realm also."

In the then divided state of the Privy Council—the one party in favor of a union with Germany, the other in favor of a union with France—it had been sufficient for Wolsey to further the suit of Suffolk to cause the Duke of Norfolk and those who acted with him to warmly oppose the intended marriage. Mary was right when she wrote to Henry that her lover "had many hinderers about his Grace." Not an opportunity was rejected by which these "hinderers" could gain their ends. They employed all their arts to poison the ear of the king against the wishes of Suffolk. A princess of the blood royal, one who had been deemed worthy to wear the crown of France, a woman who was, perhaps, the richest heiress in Europe, and whose beauty was as remarkable as her wealth, would be a fitting consort for the proudest monarch; why then throw away all such charms and advantages to encourage the pride and ambition of an upstart? They even endeavored to convince the queen-dowager herself that the man on whom she had lavished all the treasures of her heart was unworthy of her love. A friar named Langley was despatched to Paris to worm himself into the confidence of Mary. This worthy declared to the queen that "he would show her divers things which were of truth, and of the which he had perfect knowledge, desiring her to give him hearing, and to keep the same to

himself." He then bade her beware of Suffolk and Wolsey of all men, for that they had dealings with the devil, and "by the puissance of the said devil" kept Henry subject to their wills. Nor was this all. Sir William Compton, one in high favor with the king, had been laid up with a bad leg; this, said the friar, was entirely due to the diabolical art of Suffolk, "for he knew the premises well, and could not doubt it was the duke's doing." This strange envoy was, however, not very successful in his mission, for we are told that "the queen gave him small comfort, and he departed." It soon became evident that, in spite of all opposition, Mary was resolved upon one of two courses—either to marry Suffolk or to take the veil. The latter alternative was distasteful to her brother, and he therefore now thought it wiser to give his consent to an arrangement which it seemed he was powerless to prevent. He accordingly sanctioned the union of his sister with the man of her choice, but accompanied this permission with a stipulation which proved that, in spite of his prodigality, "bluff King Hal" was a true son of the grasping patron of Empson and Dudley.

On her marriage with Lewis, Mary had been presented by her husband with sets of jewels of dazzling magnificence. The elderly king had given them to his young wife gradually and in instalments, in the hope that his generosity might make amends for his age and debility, and be the means of inspiring something like affection for him in her heart. "My wife shall not have all her jewels at once," he said, laughing, "for I wish to have many and at divers times kisses and thanks for them." Never was bride adorned with such brilliants. The Earl of Worcester said they were "the goodliest and richest sight of jewels that ever he saw." These gems and Mary's service of gold plate, together with her dowry, became now the objects of much diplomatic haggling. Henry demanded their restoration, and entrusted the disagreeable task to Suffolk, with the price of Mary's hand as the reward of his success. Wolsey wrote to the duke, advising him "substantially to handle that matter, and to stick thereto; for I assure you the hope that the king hath to obtain the said plate and jewels is the thing that most stayeth his Grace constantly to assent that ye should marry his sister; the lack whereof, I fear me, might make him cold and remiss, and cause some alteration, whereof all men

here, except his Grace and myself, would be right glad." Into the details of this mean negotiation we need not enter. Each party tried to outwit the other. In reference to the dower there could be no dispute, but the question of the gems was more complicated. The English insisted on the delivery of all the jewels which Lewis had given and promised to give to Mary. The French, on the other hand, declared that the jewels had been presented to Mary, not as the wife of Lewis, but as queen of France; she could use them if she stayed in the country, but they could not be removed from the realm. Suffolk, who was a gentleman, and whose lack of education made him no match for the sharp-witted Parisians in such a job, was heartily sick of the whole transaction. He thought certain of the demands of Henry unreasonable, and he did not scruple to express his opinion; he vowed that Paris was "a stinking prison," and he implored Henry "to call him and the queen his sister home." But such entreaties were useless. Until "hall Mary's stouf and jowyes" had been placed in the king's hands, he would not think of the union of the lovers. Wolsey, who was the truest of friends to the amorous pair, and the most constant of correspondents, begged them still to have patience, and to persevere till the transaction had ended as the king desired. Weeks passed, and yet the negotiations appeared no nearer to a satisfactory issue than at their commencement. Mary was in despair. She wrote frequently to "the Kynges grace me brodar," stating that all her plate and jewels when she had gotten them should be at "his commandment;" she besought him "to write to the French king and all your ambassadors here, that they make all the speed possible," and she expressed in the most affectionate terms her wish once again to meet him, "for my singular desire and comfort is to see your Grace *above all things in this world*." Henry replied kindly, but the gist of his letters was always the same: he would not send for her, nor would he sanction her alliance, until all that he demanded had been carried out. To the lovers, if their union depended upon the consent of the king, marriage seemed hopeless.

But was it absolutely necessary for the consent of Henry to be obtained? Mary was her own mistress, she was independent of all pecuniary aid from her brother, she had a perfect right to please herself; were she to dispose of her hand to a sub-

ject, it was not the first time that a princess of England had united herself to one beneath her in rank. Why then tarry for the permission that might never be given? Why let the heart grow sick with the hope that was ever deferred? These reasons, which appeared so sound and plausible whilst passion was clouding reflection, at last carried the day. Suffolk, mindful of his oath to the king, had hesitated, but his scruples were speedily silenced when the imperious Mary told him that unless he agreed to be united with her in four days, she would never look upon his face again. The temptation was irresistible. At an early hour, and in the strictest privacy, before only a few witnesses — amongst whom, however, was Francis — in the chapel of the Hôtel de Clugny, Mary became the wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

And now that the deed was done, reflection once more exercised its sway, and the husband and wife stood aghast at their rashness. Suffolk at once took up his pen, and wrote in something more than his usual bad spelling a humble missive to the king, which he enclosed to Wolsey. He began by propitiating the avarice of Henry. He was aware that he had claimed his reward before his task had been performed, still he had done his best to obtain all the ex-queen's stuff and jewels, and, though he failed in his effort for no fault of his, yet his wife "is content to give your Grace what sum you shall be content to axe, to be paid on her jointure, and all that she has in this world." He then stated the reasons which had induced him to marry without the royal permission. "When I came to Paris," he said, "the queen was in hand with me the first day I came, and said she must be short with me and open to me her pleasure and mind. And so she began and showed how good lady she was to me, and if I would be ordered by her she would never have none but me." Her trouble, he continued, was great, for she had heard that she was to be taken to England to be married to Prince Charles in Flanders. She wept bitterly at the thought — "Sir, I never saw woman so weep" — and vowed that she would be torn in pieces rather than wed the Spaniard. Then she declared that unless he, Suffolk, married her at once, she would never give him the like proffer again. And so, rather than lose all, added the duke, he thought it best to comply, and thus they were privately married. He concluded by humbly throwing himself

upon the royal mercy, for it never had been wish of his "to offend your Grace in word, deed, or thought."

This appeal was supported by the following letter (also under cover to Wolsey) a few days afterwards, from the wife herself to the king "me broder," when she had been informed that he was furious at the step she had taken: —

Pleaseth your Grace [she wrote], to my greatest discomfort, sorrow and disconsolation, but lately I have been advertised of the great and high displeasure which your Highness beareth unto me and my lord of Suffolk for the marriage between us. Sir, I will not in any wise deny but that I have offended your Grace, for the which I do put myself most humbly in your clemency and mercy. Nevertheless to the intent that your Highness should not think that I had simply, carnally, and of my sensual appetite done the same, I, having no regard to fall in your Grace's displeasure, I assure your Grace that I had never done against your ordinance and consent, but by reason of the great despair wherein I was put by the two friars . . . which hath certified me in case I came to England your Council would never consent to the marriage between the said Lord and me, with many other sayings concerning the same marriage; so that I verily thought that the said friars would never have offered to have made me like overture unless they might have had charge from some of your Council; the which put me in such consternation, fear, and doubt of the obtaining of the thing which I desired most in this world, that I rather chose to put me in your mercy by accomplishing this marriage, than to put me in the order of your Council, knowing them to be otherwise minded. Whereupon, Sir, I put my lord of Suffolk in choice whether he would accomplish the marriage within four days, or else that he should never have enjoyed me; whereby I know well that I constrained him to break such promises he made your Grace, as well for fear of losing me, as also that I ascertained him that by their consent I would never come into England. And now that your Grace knoweth the both offences of the which I have been the only occasion I most humbly, and as your most sorrowful sister, requiring you to have compassion upon us both, and to pardon our offences, and that it will please your Grace to write to me and my Lord of Suffolk some comfortable words, for it shall be the greatest comfort for us both.

By your loving and most humble sister,
MARY.

The powerful aid of Wolsey was now earnestly invoked. Suffolk announced to him what he had done, and, with something of the Adam-like meanness which gives all the blame to the woman for the act that has been committed, says, "The queen would never let me be in rest till I

had granted her to be married, and so, to be plain with you, I have married her heartily." He feared the king's displeasure, and begged the prelate to assist him. "Let me not be undone now," he entreats, "the which I fear me shall be without the help of you. Me lor, think not that ever you shall make any friend that shall be more obliged to you." The better to soften the king he forwarded Wolsey a diamond with a great pearl—"a dymond wyet a greth pryell"—which he desired him to give Henry.

Ryguyr hem [he writes in his awful orthography] to take et aworth, asuarryng hes Grace yt whan soo ewar sche [Mary] schall have the possesseun of the resedeun yt he schall have the chowse of them accordyng unto her formar wrettyng. Me Lord sche and I bowth rymytys thes mattar holle to your dysskra-seun, trestyng yt in hall hast possebbyll we schall her from you some good tydynges tochenge howar alyeres.

But good tidings he did not hear. None knew better than Wolsey how sternly Henry resented any independence of action on the part of those who were subject to him, and the prelate did not attempt to conceal the anxiety which the conduct of the rash pair had occasioned him. It was with a sorrowful heart, he said to the duke, that he wrote to him; for he had heard with "no little discomfort and inward heaviness" how that "you be secretly married unto the king's sister, and have accompanied together as man and wife." He had felt it his duty to communicate this matter at once to the king,

who at the first hearing could scarcely believe the same to be true: but after I had showed to his Grace that by your own writing I had knowledge thereof, his Grace, giving credence thereunto, took the same grievously and displeasantly, not only for that ye durst presume to marry his sister without his knowledge, but also for breaking of your promise made to his Grace, in his hand, I being present, at Eltham: having also such an assured affiance in your truth, that for all the world, and to have been torn with wild horses, ye would not have broken your oath, promise, and assurance, made to his Grace, who doth well perceive that he is deceived of the constant and assured trust that he thought to have found in you, and so his Grace would I should expressly write unto you.

As for Wolsey himself, he "feels so encumbered therewith" that he cannot devise nor study the remedy thereof. "Cursed be the blind affection and coun-

sel," he cries, "that hath brought you hereunto! fearing that such sudden and unadvised dealing shall have sudden repentance." He knows not what remedy to suggest whereby they can make their peace, but as what has been done cannot be undone, he thinks that perhaps the best course to pursue is to appeal to the avarice of the king. He therefore advises Mary to agree to pay yearly 4,000*l.* out of her dower to her brother, and also to hand over to him "the plate of gold and jewels which the late French king had," together with the whole of the dote that shall be restored to her by France.

This [he concludes] is the way to make your peace: whereat if ye deeply consider what danger ye be and shall be in, having the king's displeasure, I doubt not both the queen and you will not stick, but with all effectual diligence endeavor yourselves to recover the king's favor, as well by this mean as by other substantial true ways which by mine advice ye shall use, and none other towards his Grace, whom by corbobyll drifts and ways you cannot abuse. Now I have told you my opinion, hardly follow the same, and trust not too much to your own wit, nor follow not the counsel of them that hath not more deeply considered the dangers of this matter than they have hitherto done.

The position of Suffolk was one of extreme embarrassment. His marriage was still a secret, yet he felt from the natural condition into which his wife had fallen, that it was a secret that must soon be divulged. He had incurred the heavy displeasure of his sovereign, and the only measures that had been suggested to him whereby he could once more bask in the royal favor, he felt himself powerless to accomplish. Willingly would he have given the gems and fortune of his wife to Henry, but as yet in his negotiations with the French he had been unable to obtain either. He did not know, he wrote to Wolsey, though he had done his best in the matter, whether Mary "had her right or had been outwitted by the subtlety of the French ministers." The unhappy man knew not what plan to adopt to extricate himself from his dilemma. He begged "some word of comfort from Henry," but still the king maintained the sternest silence. When the marriage became known to the Council in England, the enemies of Suffolk loudly called for vengeance upon the man who had dared to unite himself to the sister of his sovereign without first having obtained the royal consent. Affairs were now at a deadlock, Suffolk could neither treat with

the king of England nor with the king of France. His position was intolerable. His intimacy with his wife whilst his marriage was as yet unknown greatly compromised Mary in the eyes of the Parisian world. The husband was most anxious that a second marriage ceremony should be gone through, and this time with all publicity. "My lord," he implores Wolsey, "at the reverence of God help that I may be married as I go out of France, openly, for many things of which I will advertise you by mine next letters. Give me your advice whether the French king and his mother shall write again to the king for this open marriage; seeing that this privy marriage is done, and that I think none otherwise but that she is with child." It was, however, Lent, and no license could be obtained without a dispensation, and such a course it was considered would offend many of the rigid Catholics in England. Foiled in this effort, both husband and wife now begged permission to return to England. For a whole month no notice was taken of their prayer; then early in the April of 1515 leave was given to the couple, whose honeymoon had been clouded with such anxieties, to depart.

The future that awaited the wedded pair was uncertain. How would Henry greet his sister? She was not returning empty-handed; but had she sufficient to purchase the affection of her money-grubbing brother? What would be the fate of her idolized husband? Would the king be mindful of the old friendship that had so warmly existed between him and the duke, or would his anger and outraged authority gain the mastery over the royal heart? Was the influence of Wolsey strong enough to defeat the animosity of the Council? These were the questions that were freely discussed by the agitated couple as they journeyed from Montreuil to Calais. Arrived at the seaport they took up their quarters at "the king of England's house." Here Suffolk experienced a foretaste of the feeling that he had excited by his rash step, for we learn from a "paper of intelligence" among the State papers that "the Duke of Suffolk did not dare leave the king of England's house, as he would have been killed by the people for marrying Queen Mary." This incident awoke all the former fears of both husband and wife, and Mary, now in great terror and in deep humility, bethought herself of occupying the hours of her enforced seclusion by again appealing to the king.

My most dear and most entirely beloved Brother [she writes], in most *humble manner* I recommend me to your Grace. Dearest brother, I doubt not but ye have in your good remembrance, that whereas for the good of peace and for the furtherance of your affairs ye moved me to marry with my lord and late husband, King Lewis, of France, whose soul God pardon, though I understood that he was very aged and sickly, yet for the advancement of the said peace, and for the furtherance of your causes, I was contented to conform myself to your said motion, so that if I should fortune to survive the said late King, I might with your good will marry myself at my liberty without your displeasure. Whereunto, good brother, ye condescended and granted, as ye well know promising unto me that in such case ye would never provoke or move me but as mine own heart and mind should be best pleased, and that wheresoever I should dispose myself ye would wholly be contented with the same. And upon that your good comfort and faithful promise I assented to the *said* marriage; else I would never have granted to, as at the same time I showed unto you more at large. Now that God hath called my said late husband to His mercy and that I am at my liberty, dearest brother, remembering the great virtues which I have seen and perceived heretofore in my Lord of Suffolk, to whom I have always been of good mind, as ye well know, I have affixed and clearly determined myself to marry with him; and the same I assure you hath proceeded only of mine own mind, without any request or labor of my said Lord of Suffolk, or of any other person. And to be plain with your Grace, I have so bound myself unto him, that for no cause earthly I will or may vary or change from the same. Wherefore my good and most kind brother I now beseech your Grace to take this matter in good part, and to give unto me and to my said Lord of Suffolk your goodwill herein; ascertaining you, that upon the trust and comfort which I have for that you have always honorably regarded your promise, I am now come out of the realm of France, and have put myself within your jurisdiction, in this your town of Calais, where I intend to remain till such time as I shall have answer from you of your good and loving mind herein; which I would not have done but upon the faithful trust that I have in your said promise. Humbly beseeching your Grace for the great and tender love, which ever hath been, and shall be between you and me, to bear your gracious mind and show yourself to be agreeable hereunto, and to certify me by your most loving letters of the same; till which time I will make mine abode here, and no further enter your realm.

She concludes by appealing to her brother's weak point:—

And to the intent [she continues] it may please you the rather to condescend to this my most hearty desire, I am contented, and expressly promise, and bind me to you by these

presents to give you all the whole dote which was delivered with me, and also all such plate of gold and jewels as I shall have of my said late husband's. Over and besides this I shall, rather than fail, give you as much yearly part of my dower to as great a sum as shall stand with your will and pleasure. And of all the premises I promise upon knowledge of your good mind, to make unto you sufficient bonds.

It would be difficult to find in the whole history of correspondence a letter in which sisterly affection, unblushing calculation, and unselfish devotion to a husband are more strangely blended.

Two days before the despatch of this appeal, Suffolk, whilst at Montreuil, had again written to the king to show him mercy, and not to let him fall into the hands of the enemy.

Most gracious Sovereign Lord [he begins] so it is that I am informed divers ways that all your whole Council, my Lord of York excepted, with many other, are clearly determined to "tyme" your Grace, that I may either be put to death or be put in prison and so to be destroyed. Alas, Sir! I may say that I have had a hard fortune seeing that there was never none of them in trouble but I was glad to help them to my power, and that your Grace knows best. And now that I am in this none little trouble and sorrow, now they are ready to help to destroy me. But, Sir, I can no more but God forgive them whatsoever comes on me: for I am determined. For, Sir, your Grace is he that is my sovereign lord and master, and he that has brought me up out of nought; and I am your subject and servant, and he that has offended your Grace in breaking my promise that I made your Grace touching the Queen, your sister: for the which I, with most humble heart, I will yield myself unto your Grace's hands to do with my poor body your gracious pleasure, not fearing the malice of them; for I know your Grace of such nature that it cannot lie in their powers to cause you to destroy me for their malice. But what punishment I have I shall thank God and your Grace of it, and think that I have well deserved it, both to God and your Grace; as knows "howar" Lord, who send your Grace your most honorable heart's desire with long life, and me most sorrowful wretch your gracious favor, what sorrows soever I endure therefore.

These appeals were not in vain. The anxious pair were informed that they had nothing further to fear, and on receiving the welcome news at once took their departure for England.

The end of this romantic love match is soon told. The queen and the duke were publicly married at Greenwich amid much rejoicing. The story of their secret marriage in France was never divulged to the nation at large, but confined only

to the few of the Council who had heard of it; whilst Sir William Sidney was despatched to Paris to beg Francis, in the name of the king of England, that "for the honor of the French queen and for avoiding all evil bruits" he would keep the fact of the private marriage at the Hôtel de Clugny "hereafter secret to himself, without making any creature privy thereunto, like as the king shall do for his part." Suffolk had, however, to pay pretty dearly for the honor of being brother-in-law to a sovereign. A formal document had been drawn up between Henry on the one side, and Mary and Suffolk on the other, in which it was stipulated that Mary was to pay over to her brother the sum of 24,000*l.* out of her French rents, by annual payments of 2,000*l.*, together with the dowry of 200,000 crowns which Francis pledged himself to return to her, and all the plate and jewels which she had received on her first marriage, as well as all those gems which Lewis "at divers times," for her "kisses and thanks," had enriched her with. By this generous and fraternal arrangement Henry avoided not only making any settlement upon his sister, but received instead a handsome addition to his income and to his regalia. Well might the old chronicler Hall write:—

Against this marriage many men grudged, and said that it was a great loss to the realm that she was not married to the Prince of Castile: but the wisest sort was content, considering that if she had been married again out of the realm, she should have carried much riches with her; and now she brought every year into the realm nine or ten thousand marks.

The "wisest sort" had every reason to be content.

After their union the names of Mary and Suffolk cease to come prominently before the public. We read of them occasionally being present at some court banquet or other festivity, but their time was chiefly spent in happy seclusion at their country-seat in Suffolk. Their marriage was blessed with two children—Henry, so named from his godfather, Henry VIII.; and Frances, the mother of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. After a union of nearly eighteen years, Mary passed away, after a short illness, June 26, 1533. She was buried with all pomp in the abbey church of St. Edmundsbury. On the dissolution of the monasteries the abbey was condemned, and the remains of the queen-duchess were removed to St. Mary's Church in the

same town and placed beneath the altar. A small tablet commemorates the fact:—

Sacred to the Memory of Mary Tudor, third daughter of Henry VII. of England, and Queen of France: who was married in 1514 to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. She died in his lifetime, 1533, at the manor of Westhorpe in this county: and was interred in the same year in the monastery of St. Edmondsbury: and was removed into this church after the dissolution of the Abbey.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

ADAM AND EVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FROM the day on which Adam knew that the date of Jerrem's trial was fixed all the hope which the sight of Eve had rekindled was again completely extinguished, and, refusing every attempt at consolation, he threw himself into an abyss of despair a hundredfold more dark and bitter than before. The thought that he, captain and leader as he had been, should stand in court confronted by his comrades and neighbors (for Adam, ignorant of the disasters which had overtaken them, believed half Polperro to be on their way to London), and there swear away Jerrem's life and turn informer, was something too terrible to be dwelt on with even outward tranquillity, and, abandoning everything which had hitherto sustained him, he gave himself up to all the terrors of remorse and despair. It was in vain for Reuben to reason or for Eve to plead: so long as they could suggest no means by which this dreaded ordeal could be averted Adam was deaf to all hope of consolation. There was but one subject which interested him, and only on one subject could he be got to speak, and that was the chances there still remained of Jerrem's life being spared; and to furnish him with some food for this hope, Eve began to loiter at the gates, talk to the warders and the turnkeys, and mingle with the many groups who on some business or pretext were always assembled about the yard or stood idling in the various passages with which the prison was intersected.

One morning it came to her mind, How would it be for Adam to escape, and so not be there to prove the accusation he had made of Jerrem's having shot the man? With scarce more thought than she had

bestowed on many another passing suggestion which seemed for the moment practical and solid, but as she turned it round lost shape and floated into air, Eve made the suggestion, and to her surprise found it seized on by Adam as an inspiration. Why, he'd risk *all* so that he escaped being set face to face with Jerrem and his former mates. Adam had but to be assured the strain would not be more than Eve's strength could bear before he had adopted with joy her bare suggestion, clothed it with possibility, and by it seemed to regain all his past energy. Could he but get away and Jerrem's life be spared, all hope of happiness would not be over. In some of those distant lands to which people were then beginning to go life might begin afresh. And as his thoughts found utterance in speech he held out his hand to Eve, and in it she laid her own; and Adam needed nothing more to tell him that whither he went there Eve too would go. There was no need for vows and protestations now between these two, for, though to each the other's heart lay bare, a word of love scarce ever crossed their lips. Life seemed too sad and time too precious to be whiled away in pleasant speeches, and often when together, burdened by the weight of all they had to say, yet could not talk about, the two would sit for hours and neither speak a word. But with this proposition of escape a new channel was given to them, and as they discussed their different plans the dreadful shadow which at times had hung between them was rolled away and lifted out of sight.

Inspired by the prospect of action, of doing something, Adam roused himself to master all the difficulties: his old foresight and caution began to revive, and the project, which had on one day looked like a desperate extremity, grew by the end of a week into a well-arranged plan whose success seemed more than possible. Filled with anxiety for Eve, Reuben gave no hearty sanction to the experiment: besides which, he felt certain that now neither Adam's absence nor presence would in any way affect Jerrem's fate; added to which, if the matter was detected it might go hard with Adam himself. But his arguments proved nothing to Eve, who, confident of success, only demanded from him the promise of secrecy; after which, she thought, as some questions might be put to him, the less he knew the less he would have to conceal.

Although a prisoner, inasmuch as lib-

erty was denied to him, Adam was in no way subjected to that strict surveillance to which those who had broken the law were supposed to be submitted. It was of his own free will that he disregarded the various privileges which lay open to him: others in his place would have frequented the passages, hung about the yards, and grown familiar with the tap, where spirits were openly bought and sold. Money could do much in those days of lax discipline, and the man who could pay and could give need have very few wants unsatisfied. But Adam's only desire was to be left undisturbed and alone; and as this entailed no undue amount of trouble after their first curiosity had been satisfied, it was not thought necessary to deny him this privilege. From constantly going in and out, most of the officials inside the prison knew Eve, while to but few was Adam's face familiar; and it was on this fact, aided by the knowledge that through favor of a gratuity friends were frequently permitted to outstay their usual hour, that most of their hopes rested. Each day she came Eve brought some portion of the disguise which was to be adopted; and then, having learnt from Reuben that the "Mary Jane" had arrived and was lying at the wharf unloading, not knowing what better to do, they decided that she should go to Captain Triggs and ask him, in case Adam could get away, whether he would let him come on board his vessel and give him shelter there below.

"Wa-al, no," said Triggs, "I woan't do that, 'cos they as I'se got here might smell un out; but I'll tell 'ee what: I knows a chap as has in many ways bin beholden to me 'fore now, and I reckon if I gives un the cue he'll do the job for 'ee."

"But do you think he's to be trusted?" Eve asked.

"Wa-al, that rests on how small a part you'm foaced to tell un of," said Triggs, "and how much you makes it worth his while. I'm blamed if I'd go bail for un myself, but that won't be no odds agen' Adam's goin': 'tis just the place for he. 'T'ud niver do to car'ly a pitch-pot down and set un in the midst o' they who couldn't bide his stink."

"And the crew?" said Eve, wincing under Captain Triggs's figurative language.

"Aw, the crew's right enuf — a set o' gashly, smudge-faced raskils that's near half Maltee and t' other Lascar Injuns. Any jail-bird that flies their way 'ull find they's all of a feather. But here," he

added, puzzled by the event: "how's this that you'm still mixed up with Adam so? I thought 'twas all 'long o' you and Reuben May that the 'Lottery's' landin' got blowed about?"

Eve shook her head. "Be sure," she said, "'twas never in me to do Adam any harm."

"And you'm goin' to stick to un now through thick and thin? 'Twill niver do for un, ye know, to set his foot on Cornish ground agen."

"He knows that," said Eve; "and if he gets away we shall be married and go across the seas to some new part, where no one can tell what brought us from our home."

Triggs gave a significant nod. "Lord!" he exclaimed, "but that's a poor lookout for such a bowerly maid as you be! Wouldn't it be better for 'ee to stick by yer friends 'bout here than —"

"I haven't got any friends," interrupted Eve promptly, "excepting it's Adam and Joan and Uncle Zebedee."

"Ah, poor old Zebedee!" sighed Triggs: "'tis all dickey with he. The day I started I see Sammy Tucker to Fowey, and he was tellin' that th'ole chap was gone reg'lar tottlin'-like, and can't tell thickee fra that; and as for Joan Hocken, he says you wouldn't know her for the same. And they's tooked poor foolish Jonathan, as is more mazed than iver, to live with 'em; and Mrs. Tucker, as used to haggle with everybody so, tends on 'em all hand and foot, and her's given up praichin' 'bout religion and that, and 's turned quite neighborly, and, so long as her can save her daughter, thinks nothin's too hot nor too heavy."

"Dear Joan!" sighed Eve: "she's started by the coach on her way up here now."

"Whether she hath or no!" exclaimed Triggs in surprise. "Then take my word they's heerd that Jerrem's to be hanged, and Joan's comin' up to be all ready to hand for 't."

"No, not that," groaned Eve, for at the mere mention of the word the vague dread seemed to shape itself into a certainty. "Oh, Captain Triggs, don't say that if Adam gets off you don't think Jerrem's life will be spared."

"Wa-al, my poor maid, us must hope so," said the compassionate captain; "but 'tis the warst o' they doin's that sooner or later th' endin' of 'em must come. 'Twould never do to let 'em prosper allays," he added with impressive certainty, "or where 'ud be the use o' parsons

praichin' up 'bout heaven and hell? Why, now, us likes good liquor cheap to Fowey, and wance 'pon a time us had it too, but that ha'n't bin for twenty year. Our day's gone by, and so 'ull theirs be now; and th' excise 'ull come, and revenoos 'ull settle down, and folks be foaced to take to lousterin' for the bit o' bread they ates, and live quiet and peaceable, as good neighbors should. So try and take heart; and if so be that Adam can give they Bailey chaps the go-by, tell un to come 'longs here, and us 'ull be odds with any o' they that happens to be follerin' to his heels."

Charmed with this friendly promise, Eve said "Good-bye," leaving the captain puzzled with speculations on women and the many curious contradictions which seem to influence their actions; while, the hour being now too late to return to the prison, she took her way to her own room, thinking it best to begin the preparations which in case of Adam's escape and any sudden departure it would be necessary to have completed.

Perhaps it was her interview with Captain Triggs, the sight of the wharf and the ships, which took her thoughts back and made them bridge the gulf which divided her past life from her present self. Could the girl she saw in that shadowy past — headstrong, confident, impatient of suffering and unsympathetic with sorrow — be this same Eve who walked along with all hope and thought of self merged in another's happiness and welfare? Where was the vanity, where were the tricks and coquetties, passports to that ideal existence after which in the old days she had so thirsted? Trampled out of sight and choked beneath the fair blossoms of a higher life, which, as in many a human nature, had needed sorrow, humiliation, and a great watering of tears before there could spring forth the flowers for a fruit which should one day ripen into great perfection.

No wonder, then, that she should be shaken by a doubt of her own identity; and having reached her room she paused upon the threshold and looked around as if to satisfy herself by all those silent witnesses which made it truth. There was the chair in which she had so often sat plying her needle with such tardy grace while her impatient thoughts did battle with the humdrum, narrow life she led. How she had beat against the fate which seemed to promise naught but that dull round of commonplace events in which her early years had passed away!

How as a gall and fret had come the thought of Reuben's proffered love, because it shadowed forth the level of respectable routine, the life she then most dreaded! To be courted and sought after, to call forth love, jealousy, and despair, to be looked up to, thought well of, praised, admired, — these were the delights she had craved and these the longings she had had granted. And a sigh from the depths of that chastened heart rendered the bitter tribute paid by all to satiated vanity and outlived desire. The dingy walls, the ill-assorted furniture (her mother's pride in which had sometimes vexed her, sometimes made her laugh) now looked like childhood's friends, whose faces stamp themselves upon our inmost hearts. The light no longer seemed obscure, the room no longer gloomy, for each thing in it now was flooded by the tender light of memory — that wondrous gift to man which those who only sail along life's summer sea can never know in all the heights and depths revealed to storm-tossed hearts.

"What! you've come back?" a voice said in her ear; and looking round Eve saw it was Reuben, who had entered unperceived. "There's nothing fresh gone wrong?" he asked.

"No, nothing;" but the sad smile she tried to give him welcome with was so akin to tears that Reuben's face assumed a look of doubt. "'Tis only that I'm thinking how I've changed from what I was," said Eve. "Why, once I couldn't bear this room and all the things about it; but now — oh, Reuben, my heart seems like to break because perhaps 'twill soon now come to saying good-bye to all of it forever."

Reuben winced: "You're fixed to go, then?"

"Yes, where Adam goes I shall go too: don't you think I should? What else is left for me to do?"

"You feel, then, you'd be happy — off with him — away from all and — everybody else?"

"Happy! Should I be happy to know he'd gone alone — happy to know I'd driven him away to some place where I wouldn't go myself?" and Eve paused, shaking her head before she added, "If he can make another start in life — try and begin again —"

"You ought to help him to it," said Reuben, promptly: "that's very plain to see. Oh, Eve, do you mind the times when you and me have talked of what we'd like to do — how, never satisfied with

what went on around, we wanted to be altogether such as some of those we'd heard and read about? The way seems almost opened up to you, but what shall I do when all this is over and you are gone away? I can't go back and stick to trade again, working for nothing more but putting victuals in myself."

For a moment Eve did not speak: then, with a sudden movement, she turned, saying to Reuben, "There's something that before our lives are at any moment parted I've wanted to say to you, Reuben. 'Tis that until now, this time while we've been all together here, I've never known what your worth is — what you would be to any one who'd got the heart to value what you'd give. Of late it has often seemed that I should think but very small of one who'd had the chance of your liking and yet didn't know the proper value of such goodness."

Reuben gave a look of disavowal, and Eve continued, adding with a little hesitation, "You mustn't think it strange in me for saying this. I couldn't tell you if you didn't know how everything lies between Adam and myself; but ever since this trouble's come about all my thoughts seem changed, and people look quite different now to what they did before; and, most of all, I've learnt to know the friend I've got, and always had, in you, Reuben."

Reuben did not answer for a moment. He seemed struggling to keep back something he was yet prompted to speak of. "Eve," he said at length, "don't think that I've not made mistakes, and great ones too. When first I fought to battle down my leaning towards you, why was it? Not because of doubting that 'twould ever be returned, but 'cos I held myself too good a chap in all my thoughts and ways to be taken up with such a butterfly concern as I took you to be. I'd never have believed then that you'd have acted as I've seen you act. I thought that love with you meant who could give you the finest clothes to wear and let you rule the roast the easiest; but you have shown me that you are made of better woman's stuff than that. And, after all, a man thinks better of himself for mounting high than stooping to pick up what can be had for asking any day."

"No, no, Reuben: your good opinion is more than I deserve," said Eve, her memory stinging her with past recollections. "If you want to see a dear, kind-hearted, unselfish girl, wait until Joan comes. I do so hope that you will take

to her! I think you will, after what you've been to Jerrem and to Adam. I want you and Joan to like each other."

"I don't think there's much fear of that," said Reuben. "Jerrem's spoke so freely about Joan that I seem to know her before ever having seen her. Let me see: her mind was at one time set on Adam, wasn't it?"

"I think that she was very fond of Adam," said Eve, coloring: "and, so far as that goes, I don't know that there is any difference now. I'm sure she'd lay her life down if it would do him good."

"Poor soul!" sighed Reuben, drawn by a friendly feeling to sympathize with Joan's unlucky love. "Her cup's been full, and no mistake, of late."

"Did Jerrem seem to feel it much that Uncle Zebedee'd been took so strange?" asked Eve.

"I didn't tell him more than I could help," said Reuben. "As much as possible I made it out to him that for the old man to come to London wouldn't be safe, and the fear of that seemed to pacify him at once."

"I haven't spoken of it to Adam yet," said Eve. "He hasn't asked about his coming, so I thought I'd leave the telling till another time. His mind seems set on nothing but getting off, and by it setting Jerrem free."

But Reuben made no rejoinder to the questioning tone of Eve's words, and after a few minutes' pause he waived the subject by reverting to the description which Eve had given of Joan, so that, in case he had to meet her alone, he might recognize her without difficulty. Eve repeated the description, dwelling with loving preciseness on the various features and points by which Joan might be known; and then Reuben, having some work to do, got up to say good-bye.

"Good-bye," said Eve, holding out her hand — "good-bye. Every time I say it now I seem to wonder if 'tis to be good-bye indeed."

"Why, no: in any way, you'd wait until the trial was over?"

"Yes, I forgot: of course we should."

"Well, then, do you think I'd let you go without a word? Ah, Eve, no! Whatever others are, nobody's yet pushed you from your place, nor ever will so long as my life lasts."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

At length the dreaded day was over, the trial was at an end, and, in spite of every effort made, Jerrem condemned to

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die. The hopes raised by the knowledge of Adam's escape seemed crowned with success when, to the court's dismay, it was announced that the prisoner's accuser could not be produced: he had mysteriously disappeared the evening before, and in spite of a most vigorous search was nowhere to be found. But, with minds already resolved to make this hardened smuggler's fate a warning and example to all such as should henceforth dare the law, one of the cutter's crew, wrought upon by the fear lest Jerrem should escape and baffle the vengeance they had vowed to take, was got to swear that Jerrem was the man who fired the fatal shot; and though it was shown that the night was dark and recognition next to impossible, this evidence was held conclusive to prove the crime, and nothing now remained but to condemn the culprit. The judge's words came slowly forth, making the stoutest there shrink back and let that arrow from the bow of death glance by and set its mark on him upon whose face the crowd now turned to gaze.

"Can it be that he is stunned? or is he hardened?"

For Jerrem stands all unmoved and calm while, dulled by the sound of rushing waters, the words the judge has said come booming back and back again. A sickly tremor creeps through every limb and makes it nerveless; a sense of growing weight presses the flesh down as a burden on the fainting spirit; one instant a thousand faces, crowding close, keep out the air; the next, they have all receded out of sight back into misty space, and he is left alone, with all around faded and grown confused, and all beneath him slipping and giving way. Suddenly a sound rouses him back to life: a voice has smote his ear and cleaved his inmost soul; and lifting his head his eyes are met by sight of Joan, who with a piercing shriek has fallen back, deathlike and pale, in Reuben's outstretched arms.

Then Jerrem knows that hope is past and he must die, and in one flash his fate, in all its misery and shame, stands out before him, and reeling he totters to sink down senseless and be carried off to that dismal cell allotted to those condemned to death; while Reuben, as best he can, manages to get Joan out of court and into the open air, where she gradually comes back to life again and is able to listen to such poor comfort as Reuben's sad heart can find to give her. For by reason of those eventful circumstances

which serve to cement friendships by suddenly overthrowing the barriers time must otherwise gradually wear away, Reuben May and Joan Hocken have (in the week which has intervened between her arrival and this day of trial) become more intimate and thoroughly acquainted than if in an ordinary way they had known each other for years. A stranger in a large city, with not one familiar face to greet her, who does not know the terrible feeling of desolation which made poor Joan hurry through the crowded streets, shrinking away from their bustle and throng towards Reuben, the one person she had to turn to for sympathy, advice, assistance, and consolation? With that spirit of perfect trust which her own large heart gave her the certain assurance of receiving, Joan placed implicit reliance in all Reuben said and did; and seeing this, and receiving an inward satisfaction from the sight, Reuben involuntarily slipped into a familiarity of speech and manner very opposed to the stiff reserve he usually maintained towards strangers.

Ten days were given before the day on which Jerrem was to die, and during this time, through the various interests raised in his behalf, no restriction was put upon the intercourse between him and his friends; so that, abandoning everything for the poor soul's welfare, Reuben, Joan, and Jerrem spent hour after hour in the closest intercourse. Happily, in times of great extremity the power of realizing our exact situation is mostly denied to us; and in the case of Joan and Jerrem, although surrounded by the terrors and within the outposts of that dreaded end, it was nothing unfrequent to hear a sudden peal of laughter, which often would have as sudden an end in a great burst of tears.

To point to hopes and joys beyond the grave when every thought is centred and fixed on this life's interests and keen anxieties is but a fruitless, vain endeavor; and Reuben had to try and rest contented in the assurance of Jerrem's perfect forgiveness and good-will to all who had shown him any malice or ill-feeling — to draw some satisfaction from the unselfish love he showed to Joan and the deep gratitude he now expressed to Uncle Zeb-dee.

What would become of them? he often asked when some word of Joan's revealed the altered aspect of their affairs; and then overcome by the helplessness of their forlorn condition he would entreat Reuben to stand by them — not to forget

Joan, not to forsake her. And Reuben, strangely moved by sight of this poor, giddy nature's overwrought emotion, would try to calm him with the ready assurance that while he lived Joan should never want a friend, and, touched by his words, the two would clasp his hands together, telling each other of all the kindness he had showed them, praying God would pay him back in blessings for his goodness. Nor were theirs the only lips which spoke of gratitude to Reuben May; his name had now become familiar to many who through his means were kept from being ignorant of the sad fate which awaited their boon companion, their prime favorite, the once madcap, rollicking Jerrem — the last one, as Joan often told Reuben, whom any in Polperro would have fixed on for evil to pursue or misfortune to overtake, and about whom all declared there must have been "a hitch in the block somewhere, as fate never intended that ill-luck should pitch upon Jerrem." The repetition of their astonishment, their indignation and their sympathy afforded the poor fellow the most visible satisfaction, harassed as he was becoming by one dread which entirely swallowed up the thought and fear of death. This ghastly terror was the then usual consignment of a body after death to the surgeons for dissection; and the uncontrollable trepidation which would take possession of him each time this hideous recollection forced itself upon him, although unaccountable to Reuben, was most painful for him to witness. What difference could it make what became of one's body after death? Reuben would ask himself, puzzled to fathom that wonderful tenderness which some natures feel for the flesh which embodies their attractions. But Jerrem had felt a passing love for his own dear body: vanity of it had been his ruling passion, its comeliness his great glory — so much so that even now a positive satisfaction would have been his could he have pictured himself outstretched and lifeless, with lookers-on moved to compassion by the dead grace of his winsome face and slender limbs. Joan, too, was caught by the same infection. Not to lie whole and decent in one's coffin! Oh, it was an indignity too terrible for contemplation; and every time they were away from Jerrem she would beset Reuben with entreaties and questions as to what could be done to avoid the catastrophe.

The one plan he knew of had been tried — and tried, too, with repeated success —

and this was the engaging of a superior force to wrest the body from the surgeon's crew, a set of sturdy miscreants with whom to do battle a considerable mob was needed; but, with money grown very scarce and time so short, the thing could not be managed, and Reuben tried to tell Joan of its impossibility while they two were walking to a place in which it had been agreed they should find some one with a message from Eve, who, together with Adam, was in hiding on board the vessel Captain Triggs had spoken of. But instead of the messenger Eve herself arrived, having ventured this much with the hope of hearing something that would lessen Adam's despair and grief at learning the fate of Jerrem.

"Ah, poor sawl!" sighed Joan as Eve ended her dismal account of Adam's sad condition: "'tis only what I feared to hear of. But tell un, Eve, to lay it to his heart that Jerrem's forgiven un every bit, and don't know what it is to hold a grudge to Adam; and if I speak of un, he says, 'Why don't I know it ain't through he, but 'cos o' my own head-strong ways and they sneaks o' revenoo chaps?' who falsely swore away his blessed life."

"Does he seem to dread it much?" asked Eve, the sickly fears which filled her heart echoed in each whispered word.

"Not *that* he don't," said Joan, lifting her hand significantly to her throat: "'tis after. Oh, Eve," she gasped, "ain't it too awful to think of their cuttin' up his poor dead body into bits? Call themselves doctors!" she burst out — "the gashly lot! I'll never let wan o' their name come nighst to me agen."

"Oh, Reuben," gasped Eve, "is it so? Can nothing be done?"

Reuben shook his head.

"Nothing now," said Joan — "for want o' money, too, mostly, Eve; and the guineas I've a-wasted! Oh, how the sight of every one rises and clinks in judgment 'gainst my ears!"

"If we'd got the money," said Reuben soothingly, "there isn't time. All should be settled by to-morrow night; and if some one this minute brought the where-withal I haven't one 'pon whom I dare to lay my hand to ask to undertake the job."

"Then 'tis no use harpin' 'pon it any more," said Joan; while Eve gave a sigh, concurring in what she said, both of them knowing well that if Reuben gave it up the thing must be hopeless indeed.

Here was another stab for Adam's wounded senses, and with a heavy heart and step Eve took her way back to him, while Reuben and Joan continued to thread the streets which took them by a circuitous road home to Knight's Passage.

But no sooner had Eve told Adam of this fresh burden laid on poor Jerrem than a new hope seemed to animate him. Something was still to be done: there yet remained an atonement which, though it cost him his life, he could strive to make to Jerrem. Throwing aside the fear of detection which had hitherto kept him skulking within the little vessel, he set off that night to find the "Mary Jane," and, regardless of the terrible shame which had filled him at the bare thought of confronting Triggs or any of his crew, he cast himself upon their mercy, beseeching them as men, and Cornishmen, to do this much for their brother sailor in his sad need and last extremity; and his appeal and the nature of it had so touched these quickly-stirred hearts that, forgetful of the contempt and scorn with which, in the light of an informer, they had hitherto viewed Adam, they had one and all sworn to aid him to their utmost strength, and to bring to the rescue certain others of whom they knew, by whose help and assistance success would be more probable. Therefore it was that, two days before the morning of his sentenced death, Eve was able to put into Reuben's hand a scrap of paper on which was written Adam's vow to Jerrem, that, though his own life paid the forfeit for it, Jerrem's body should be rescued and saved.

Present as Jerrem's fears had been to Reuben's eyes and to his mind, until he saw the transport of agitated joy which this assurance gave to Jerrem he had never grasped a tithe of the terrible dread which during the last few days had taken such complete hold of the poor fellow's inmost thoughts. Now, as he read again and again the words which Adam had written, a torrent of tears burst forth from his eyes: in an ecstasy of relief he caught Joan to his heart, wrung Reuben's hand, and from that moment began to gradually compose himself into a state of greater ease and seeming tranquillity. Confident, through the unbroken trust of years, that Adam's promise, once given, might be implicitly relied on, Jerrem needed no further assurance than these few written words to satisfy him that every human effort would be made on his behalf; and the knowledge

of this, and that old comrades would be near, waiting to unite their strength for his body's rescue, was in itself a balm and consolation. He grew quite loquacious about the crestfallen authorities, the surprise of the crowd and the disappointment of the ruffianly mob deprived of their certain prey; while the two who listened sat with a tightening grip upon their hearts, for when these things should come to be, the life of him who spoke them would have passed away, and the immortal soul have flown from out that perishable husk on which his last vain thoughts were still being centred.

Poor Joan! The time had yet to come when she would spend herself with many a sad regret and sharp upbraiding that this and that had not been said and done; but now, her spirit swallowed up in desolation and sunk beneath the burden of despair, she sat all silent close by Jerrem's side, covering his hands with many a mute caress, yet never daring to lift up her eyes to look into his face without a burst of grief sweeping across to shake her like a reed. Jerrem could eat and drink, but Joan's lips never tasted food. A fever seemed to burn within and fill her with its restless torment: the beatings of her throbbing heart turned her first hot, then cold, as each pulse said the time to part was hurrying to its end.

By Jerrem's wish, Joan was not told that on the morning of his death to Reuben alone admittance to him had been granted: therefore when the eve of that morrow came, and the time to say farewell actually arrived, the girl was spared the knowledge that this parting was more than the shadow of that last good-bye which so soon would have to be said forever. Still, the sudden change in Jerrem's face pierced her afresh and broke down that last barrier of control over a grief she could subdue no longer. In vain the turnkeys warned them that time was up and Joan must go. Reuben entreated too that they should say good-bye: the two but clung together in more desperate necessity, until Reuben, seeing that further force would be required, stepped forward, and stretching out his hand found it caught at by Jerrem and held at once with Joan's, while in words from which all strength of tone seemed to die away Jerrem whispered, "Reuben, if ever it could come to pass that when I'm gone you and she might find it some day in your minds to stand together—one—say 'twas the thing he wished for most before he went." Then, with a fee-

ble effort to push her into Reuben's arms, he caught her back, and straining her close to his heart again cried out, "Oh, Joan, but death comes bitter when it means good-bye to such as you!" Another cry, a closer strain, then Jerrem's arms relax; his hold gives way, and Joan falls staggering back; the door is opened—shut; the struggle is past, and ere their sad voices can come echoing back Jerrem and Joan have looked their last in life.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHEN Reuben found that to be a witness of Jerrem's death Joan must take her stand among the lawless mob who made holiday of such sad scenes as this, his decision was that the idea was untenable. Jerrem too had a strong desire that Joan should not see him die; and although his avoidance of anything that directly touched upon that dreaded moment had kept him from openly naming his wishes, the hints dropped satisfied Reuben that the knowledge of her absence would be a matter of relief to him. But how get Joan to listen to his scruples when her whole mind was set on keeping by Jerrem's side until hope was past and life was over?

"Couldn't 'ee get her to take sommat that her wouldn't sleep off till 'twas late?" Jerrem had said after Reuben had told him that the next morning he must come alone; and the suggestion made was seized on at once by Reuben, who, under pretence of getting something to steady her shaken nerves, procured from the apothecary near a simple draught, which Joan in good faith swallowed. And then, Reuben having promised in case she fell asleep to awaken her at the appointed hour, the poor soul, worn out by sorrow and fatigue, threw herself down, dressed as she was, upon the bed, and soon was in a heavy sleep, from which she did not rouse until well into the following day, when some one moving in the room made her start up. For a moment she seemed dazed: then, rubbing her eyes as if to clear away those happy visions which had come to her in sleep, she gazed about until Reuben, who had at first drawn back, came forward to speak to her. "Why, Reuben," she cried, "how's this? Have I been dreamin', or what? The daylight's come, and, see, the sun!"

And here she stopped, her parched mouth half unclosed, as fears came crowding thick upon her mind, choking her further utterance. One look at Reuben's

face had told the tale; and though she did not speak again, the ashen hue that overspread and drove all color from her cheeks proclaimed to him that she had guessed the truth.

"'Twas best, my dear," he said, "that you should sleep while he went to his rest."

But the unlooked-for shock had been too great a strain on body and mind, alike overtaxed and weak, and, falling back, Joan lay for hours as one unconscious and devoid of life. And Reuben sat silent by her side, paying no heed as hour by hour went by, till night had come and all around was dark: then some one came softly up the stairs and crept into the room, and Eve's whispered "Reuben!" broke the spell.

Yes, all had gone well. The body, rescued and safe, was now placed within a house near to the churchyard in which Eve's mother lay: there it was to be buried. And there, the next day, the commonplace event of one among many funerals being over, the four thus linked by fate were brought together, and Adam and Joan again stood face to face. Heightened by the disguise which in order to avoid detection he was obliged to adopt, the alteration in Adam was so complete that Joan stood aghast before this seeming stranger, while a fresh smart came into Adam's open wounds as he gazed upon the changed face of the once comely Joan.

A terrible barrier—such as, until felt, they had never dreaded—seemed to have sprung up to separate and divide these two. Involuntarily they shrank at each other's touch and quailed beneath each other's gaze, while each turned with a feeling of relief to him and to her who now constituted their individual refuge and support. Yes, strange as it seemed to Adam and unaccountable to Joan, she clung to Reuben, *he* to Eve, before whom each could be natural and unrestrained, while between their present selves a great gulf had opened out which naught but time or distance could bridge over.

So Adam went back to his hiding-place, Reuben to his shop, and Joan and Eve to the old home in Knight's Passage, as much lost amid the crowd of thronged London as if they had already taken refuge in that far-off land which had now become the goal of Adam's thoughts and keen desires. Eve, too, fearing some fresh disaster, was equally anxious for their departure, and most of Reuben's spare time was swallowed up in making

the necessary arrangements. A passage in his name for himself and his wife was secured in a ship about to start. At the last moment this passage was to be transferred to Adam and Eve, whose marriage would take place a day or two before the vessel sailed. The transactions on which the successful fulfilment of these various events depended were mostly conducted by Reuben, aided by the counsels of Mr. Osborne and the assistance of Captain Triggs, whose good-fellowship, no longer withheld, made him a valuable coadjutor.

Fortunately, Triggs's vessel, through some detention of its cargo, had remained in London for an unusually long time, and now, when it did sail, Joan was to take passage in it back to Polperro.

"Awh, Reuben, my dear," sighed Joan one evening as, Eve having gone to see Adam, the two walked out toward the little spot where Jerrem lay, and as they went discussed Joan's near departure, "I wish to goodness you'd pack up yer alls and come 'longs to Polperro home with me: 't 'ud be ever so much better than stayin' to this gashly London, where there ain't a blow o' air that's fresh to draw your breath in."

"Why, nonsense!" said Reuben: "you wouldn't have me if I'd come."

"How not have 'ee?" exclaimed Joan. "Why, if so be I thought you'd come I'd never stir from where I be until I got the promise of it."

"But there wouldn't be nothin' for me to do," said Reuben.

"Why, iss there would — oceans," returned Joan. "Laws! I knaws clocks by scores as hasn't gone for twenty year and more. Us has got two ourselves, that wan won't strike and t' other you can't make tick."

Reuben smiled: then, growing more serious, he said, "But do you know, Joan, that yours isn't the first head it's entered into about going down home with you? I've had a mind toward it myself many times of late."

"Why, then, do come to wance," said Joan excitedly; "for so long as they leaves me the house there'll be a home with me and Uncle Zebedee, and I'll go bail for the welcome you'll get gived 'ee there."

Reuben was silent, and Joan, attributing this to some hesitation over the plan, threw further weight into her argument by saying, "There's the chapel too, Reuben. Only to think o' the sight o' good you could do praichin' to 'em and that! for, though it didn't seem to make no

odds before, I reckons there's not a few that wants, like me, to be told o' some place where they treats folks better than they does down here below."

"Joan," said Reuben after a pause, speaking out of his own thoughts and paying no heed to the words she had been saying, "you know all about Eve and me, don't you?"

Joan nodded her head.

"How I've felt about her, so that I believe the hold she's got on me no one on earth will ever push her off from."

"Awh, poor sawl!" sighed Joan compassionately: "I've often had a feelin' for what you'd to bear, and for this reason too — that I knaws myself what 'tis to be ousted from the heart you'm cravin' to call yer own."

"Why, yes, of course," said Reuben briskly: "you were set down for Adam once, weren't you?"

"Awh, and there's they to Polperro — mother amongst 'em, too — who'll tell 'ee now that if Eve had never shawed her face inside the place Adam 'ud ha' had me, after all. But there! all that's past and gone long ago."

There was another pause, which Reuben broke by saying suddenly, "Joan, should you take it very out of place if I was to ask you whether after a bit you could marry me? I dare say now such a thought never entered your head before."

"Well, iss it has," said Joan; "and o' late, ever since that blessed dear spoke they words he did, I've often fell to wonderin' if so be 't 'ud ever come to pass. Not, mind, that I should ha' bin put out if 't had so happened that you'd never axed me, like, but still I thought sometimes as how you might, and then agen I says, 'Why should he, though?'"

"There's many a reason why I should ask *you*, Joan," said Reuben, smiling at her unconscious frankness, "though very few why you should consent to take a man whose love another woman has flung away."

"Awh, so far as that goes, the both of us is takin' what's another's orts, you knaw," smiled Joan.

"Then is it agreed?" asked Reuben, stretching out his hand.

"Iss, so far as I goes 'tis, with all my heart." Then as she took his hand a change came to her April face, and looking at him through her swimming eyes she said, "And very grateful too I'm to 'ee, Reuben, for I don't knaw by neither another wan who'd take up with a poor

heart-broke maid like me, and they she's looked to all her life disgraced by others and themselves."

Reuben pressed the hand that Joan had given to him, and drawing it through his arm the two walked on in silence, pondering over the unlooked-for ending to the strange events they both had lately passed through. Joan's heart was full of a contentment which made her think, "How pleased Adam will be! and won't mother be glad! and Uncle Zebedee 'ull have somebody to look to now and keep poor Jonathan straight and put things a bit in order;" while Reuben, bewildered by the thoughts which crowded to his mind, seemed unable to disentangle them. Could it be possible that he, Reuben May, was going down to live at Polperro, a place whose very name he had once taught himself to abominate?—that he could be willingly casting his lot amid a people whom he had but lately branded as thieves, outcasts, reprobates? Involuntarily his eyes turned toward Joan, and a nimbus in which perfect charity was intertwined with great love and singleness of heart seemed to float about her head and shed its radiance on her face; and its sight was to Reuben as the first touch of love, for he was smitten with a sense of his own unworthiness, and, though he did not speak, he asked that a like spirit to that which filled Joan might rest upon himself.

That evening Eve was told the news which Joan and Reuben had to tell, and as she listened the mixed emotions which swelled within her perplexed her not a little, for even while feeling that the two wishes she most desired—Joan cared for and Reuben made happy—were thus fulfilled, her heart seemed weighted with a fresh disaster: another wrench had come to part her from that life soon to be nothing but a lesson and a memory. And Adam, when he was told, although the words he said were honest words and true, and truly he did rejoice, there yet within him lay a sadness born of regret at rendering up that love so freely given to him, now to be garnered for another's use; and henceforth every word that Reuben spoke, each promise that he gave, though all drawn forth by Adam's own requests, stuck every one a separate thorn within his heart, sore with the thought of being an outcast from the birthplace that he loved and cut off from those whose faces now he yearned to look upon.

No vision opened up to Adam's view

the prosperous life the future held in store—no still, small voice then whispered in his ear that out of this sorrow was to come the grace which made success sit well on him and Eve; and though, as years went by and intercourse became more rare, their now keen interest in Polperro and its people was swallowed up amid the many claims a busy life laid on them both, each noble action done, each good deed wrought, by Adam, and by Eve too, bore on it the unseen impress of that sore chastening through which they now were passing.

Out of the savings which from time to time Adam had placed with Mr. Macey, enough was found to pay the passage money out and keep them from being pushed by any pressing want on landing.

Already, at the nearest church, Adam and Eve had been married, and nothing now remained but to get on board the vessel, which had already dropped down the river and was to sail the following morning. Triggs had volunteered to put them and their possessions safely on board, and Reuben and Joan, with Eve's small personal belongings, were to meet them at the steps, close by which the "Mary Jane's" boat would be found waiting. The time had come when Adam could lay aside his disguise and appear in much the same trim he usually did when at Polperro.

Joan was the first to spy him drawing near, and holding out both her hands to greet the welcome change she cried, "Thank the Lord for lettin' me see un his ownself wance more! Awh, Adam! aw, my dear! 't seems as if I could spake to 'ee now and know 'ee for the same agen. Look to un, Reuben! you don't wonder now what made us all so proud of un at home."

Reuben smiled, but Adam shook his head: the desolation of this sad farewell robbed him of every other power but that of draining to the dregs its bitterness. During the whole of that long day Eve and he had hardly said one word, each racked with thoughts to which no speech gave utterance. Mechanically each asked about the things the other one had brought, and seemed to find relief in feigning much anxiety about their safety, until Triggs, fearing they might outstay their time, gave them a hint it would not do to linger long; and, with a view to their leavetaking being unconstrained, he volunteered to take the few remaining things down to the boat and stow them safely away, adding that when they should hear his whistle

given it would be the signal that they must start without delay.

The spot they had fixed on for the starting-place was one but little used and well removed from all the bustle of a more frequented landing. A waterman lounged here and there, but seeing the party was another's fare vouchsafed to them no further interest. The ragged mud-imps stayed their noisy pranks to scrutinize the country build of Triggs's boat, leaving the four, unnoticed, to stand apart and see each in the other's face the reflection of that misery which filled his own.

Parting forever! no hopes, no expectations, no looking forward, nothing to whisper "We shall meet again!" "Good-bye forever" was written on each face and echoed in each heart. Words could not soothe that suffering which turned this common sorrow into an individual torture, which each must bear unaided and alone; and so they stood silent and with outward calm, knowing that on that brink of woe the quiver of an eye might overthrow their all but lost control.

The sun was sinking fast; the gathering mists of eventide were rising to shadow all around; the toil of day was drawing to its close; labor was past, repose was near at hand; its spirit seemed to hover around and breathe its calm upon those worn, tired souls. Suddenly a shrill whistle sounds upon their ears and breaks the spell: the women start and throw their arms around each other's necks. Adam stretches his hand out, and Reuben grasps it in his own.

"Reuben, good-bye. God deal with you as you shall deal with those you're going among!"

"Adam, be true to her, and I'll be true to those you leave behind."

"Joan!" and Adam's voice sounds hard and strained, and then a choking comes into his throat, and, though he wants to tell her what he feels, to ask her to forgive all he has made her suffer, he cannot speak a word. Vainly he strives, but not a sound will come; and these two, whose lives, so grown together, are now to be rent asunder, stand stricken and dumb, looking from out their eyes that last farewell which their poor quivering lips refuse to utter.

"God bless and keep you, Eve!" Reuben's voice is saying as, taking her hands within his own, he holds them to his heart and for a moment lets them rest there. "Oh, friends," he says, "there is a land where partings never come: upon that shore may we four meet again!"

Then for a moment all their hands are clasped and held as in a vice, and then they turn, and two are gone and two are left behind.

And now the two on land stand with their eyes strained on the boat, which slowly fades away into the vapory mist which lies beyond: then Reuben turns and takes Joan by the hand, and silently the two go back together, while Adam and Eve draw near the ship which is to take them to that far-off shore to which hope's torch, rekindled, now is pointing.

Good-bye is said to Triggs, the boat pushes off, and the two left standing side by side watch it away until it seems a speck, which suddenly is swallowed up and disappears from sight. Then Adam puts his arm round Eve, and as they draw closer together from out their lips come sighing forth the whispered words, "Farewell! farewell!"

From The Contemporary Review.

ON THE SOURCES OF HISTORY, AND HOW THEY CAN BEST BE UTILIZED.

THE great impulse given to historical investigation of late years by the opening up of archives formerly inaccessible, and by the publication of calendars of their contents, is a fact which has now become obvious even to the most ordinary reader of current literature. And it is well that such a fact should be brought home to him, especially at a time when we are multiplying schoolbooks without end, and there is more demand upon our teaching powers than there is of useful guidance as to the best modes of study. For while the reading public, which frequents circulating libraries, is continually — like the ancient Athenians — inquiring after something new; while historians are endeavoring to compete with the marvellous speculations of science, and to present novel views of the men, the actions, and the constitutional systems of past ages; while great questions, requiring half a lifetime to investigate thoroughly, are daily discussed and decided in drawing-room conversations; and while even schoolboys are expected to take their facts from manuals influenced largely by the most recent theories, — it is a most important thing that all classes should have at least some of the original evidences laid before them, which they can weigh and study for themselves. Perhaps, as we go on, it may hereafter be

discovered that those histories are not necessarily the most interesting which strive to set forth novel and original views, but rather those in which the historian has set himself to work conscientiously to interpret documents, and having found the key to them, invites the reader to peruse along with him the original statements out of which all history is evolved.

For, in truth, original authorities are our only real historians. All others must lead up to these, and educate us into the study of them, if they are to hold their place at all. Too often, it is true, especially in our own generation, the most popular and attractive historians have sought rather to supersede this reference to original authors, and have produced works which are rather a barrier to block up the way of true historic study than a real help to the student. But it is impossible that books like these can hold their ground continually. Happily for the world, there will always be some patient investigators, not possessed of brilliant genius, who think facts worth studying for their own sakes; and though not one of them may cover as much ground, or indulge in the large sweeping generalizations which make the popular historian so attractive, they will be sure to gain a hearing whenever they appeal to original authorities against even the most firmly rooted of popular misapprehensions.

But a history founded upon original authorities, and setting itself forth as their exponent, if written in a fair and candid spirit, need fear little criticism of this sort. And equally little, I am persuaded, need it fear the charge of dullness if the historian has but made himself master of his subject. For original authorities, if we have only light to read them by, are very seldom dull. As a matter of fact, the most interesting, the most familiar, and by far the most generally read of all histories, is one which is not read second-hand, or re-written from time to time from a novel point of view. Neither Milman's "History of the Jews," nor any other work of the like description, however meritorious it might be, would have the slightest chance of superseding the Bible. For that portion of ancient history which to us is most material we go at once to the original records — to the most ancient documents that are extant. And this we may be quite assured we shall continue to do, whatever amount of Colenso criticism and destructive philosophy we may be led to enter-

tain. New histories cannot possibly supersede the original sources of history, even in point of interest, whatever difficulties there may be in harmonizing the facts, if those original sources can be brought before the reader at all. With regard to the book I have just mentioned, this will at once be felt altogether incontestable. Indeed, the foundations of religion itself might appear to be dissolved into airy legends and unsubstantial myths, yet the stories would still be read in the original narrative. And what is more, these apparently unsubstantial myths would be found stronger in the end than the most elaborate criticism. Reduced to nursery tales, they would still be the foundation of an indestructible philosophy, which would forever plead its claims to be regarded as substantial truth; while the simplicity of the narrative, its fidelity to nature, and the wonderfully practical character of the philosophy which it conveys, would be forever revindicating its claims as, after all, the most real and human of all histories.

Yet, what is true of the Biblical records is true, more or less, of history in general. To read original testimony is assuredly far more satisfactory in itself than to read a narrative which can only be the interpretation of that testimony by another mind than your own. But it is seldom that original testimony can be laid before the reader, without note or comment, as constituting in itself a full and sufficient narrative, free from difficulty as regards language and expression. Besides, the mere bulk of such testimonies which have to be compared together is greater than the general reader can examine without help; and he could not read them to any purpose if the historian did not teach him how to look at them. The sources of history must therefore be left in most cases to the historian's care before the general reader can take advantage of them.

In ancient history, no doubt, a good classical scholar, or even an ordinary reader possessed of good translations from Greek and Latin authors, may draw much of his information from the original fountains. But in mediæval and modern history great part of the sources remain to this day in MS., and even the historian cannot be expected to make much use of them until they have undergone careful editing. For it is obvious that even if the handwriting presented no serious difficulty, and the MS. were preserved in the most accessible of all repositories, the

mere fact that it cannot lie on the historian's study table, or be consulted by more than one person at a time, must inevitably prevent its being subjected to very critical examination. For a MS. generally contains a considerable number of facts and evidences which do not lie upon the surface; nor is it to be expected even of the general historian that he should be able to discover them in one or two brief visits to some particular library.

Some special student must prepare the matter to his hand, first, by printing the text, or whatever is material in its contents; and secondly, by investigating the handwriting, age, and authority of the document, with the aid of long experience and perfect familiarity with documents of a similar description.

For, in the first place, even the authorship of a work in MS. is in many cases a mere matter of inference; and until all the internal and external indications of authorship have been thoroughly sifted, the historian cannot pronounce a safe judgment as to the value of the testimony. Then the question arises in mediæval chronicles, how far is any such composition the work of one author only. Most probably only a small portion at the end is really original, all the preceding part being a mere transcript of some more ancient work. Or you may find in one MS. an early chronicle with continuations by various hands at different dates; and the value of each of these additions has to be separately estimated. But how can all this be done by the general historian, who cannot even distinguish the age of the handwriting by its character? Or how can it be done by any one at all until after minute and laborious examination? Even to find out how much of the matter is original, one particular MS. has in many cases to be compared with a very large number of others; a sort of work that evidently can be done only by one who is specially trained to it.

Again, if we come to more modern history, we find even a greater necessity for other laborers to clear the way for the historian. The question now is, not so much about the age and character of MSS., as about the enormous quantity of documents. After digesting all the printed correspondence belonging to the period of his studies, is the historian to spend years in examining unpublished letters, first in the British Museum, the Record Office, and elsewhere in London; then at Oxford and Cambridge, and in various public and private libraries in this

country; then at Paris, Brussels, Madrid, Simancas, Venice, and a multitude of other places upon the Continent? Until the information from all these various archives can be digested and brought together, the true work of the historian cannot even be satisfactorily begun; and if a man, with a view to writing history, were to take all this upon himself, he would probably succeed, at the close of a long life, only in forming a magnificent collection of copies and memoranda to be used by some one else.

Indeed, this is rather an understatement of the case than otherwise; for it is altogether beyond the power of a single man, however enthusiastic and self-sacrificing, to collect, compare, and put in order the existing materials even for one single period in modern history. It is comparatively a simple matter to go on transcribing what one finds, first in one library and then in another; but to put these collections in any useful order is quite a different problem. In the sixteenth century, for instance, letters very seldom bear the date of the year in which they were written; so that the chronology is, for the most part, purely a matter of inference. Again, you may have letters in one collection and the answers to them in another; you may have drafts without name or date; you may have mutilated documents, the defects of which are supplied by contemporary copies elsewhere; you may have letters in cipher of which there are deciphers elsewhere. There are even instances in which one-half of an original letter is to be found in one library and the rest in another; and only after an exhaustive examination and comparison of original materials will the fact become apparent.

The collector who can digest all these materials so as to make them really serviceable is not a mere collector. He must have a special knowledge like that of the historian himself, and in some respects superior. It is not, for instance, expected of the historian that he should be familiar with the handwritings even of all the leading characters in the history; but the collector must be well acquainted both with them and even with those of subordinate agents, to do his work satisfactorily. Sometimes it is quite sufficient to identify the authorship of a particular paper that it is in the handwriting of some particular clerk. Sometimes a brief anonymous scrap, which to an ordinary reader might seem perfectly insignificant, may be traced to its author by the evi-

dence of handwriting, and shown to have a most important bearing on transactions of the utmost consequence. For the revelation of such mysteries the historian must look to the archivist; it is utterly impossible that he should in many cases be able to make them out himself.

Now this is a kind of undertaking in which we have as yet barely made a commencement; but it is the glory of our own age, at least, to have done that. Owing to the long neglect of our public records and State papers, hardly any of these materials were till lately accessible to any but the most enthusiastic inquirer; and even he found such obstacles in his path that one or two small discoveries were the utmost result to be hoped for from a great expenditure of time and labor. From the chief repositories of records and State papers information could, in fact, only be obtained by special favor, and the more accessible stores in the British Museum were deprived of no small portion of their value by the fact that they could not be compared with kindred matter elsewhere. But a still more serious drawback to the use of those collections lay in the want of satisfactory catalogues of their contents.

It is, in fact, even now a thing quite hopeless for any historical student to collect all the information relative to his subject in the British Museum MSS. with no better help than is afforded by the regular catalogues of those collections. Under the same roof in Bloomsbury we have no less than five large libraries of MSS. of first-rate importance, besides one or two others of minor value; and even if each of these had a satisfactory catalogue by itself, the labor of hunting through five distinct collections to ascertain what information can be got with regard to each particular subject is perhaps no inconsiderable task in the first instance. The truth is, however, that not a single one of the British Museum catalogues gives anything like a satisfactory account of the MSS. to which it refers; nor was a really good catalogue, in fact, very easy to prepare while the compiler was obliged to limit his view to one collection only.

Let us take, for example, the catalogue of the Cottonian Library. This collection of MSS., formed by Sir Robert Cotton, stands confessed on all hands as by far the most valuable in the country for its bearing on English history; or, at least, second only to the treasures of the Public Record Office, from which the greater part of it was abstracted. It is a collec-

tion, moreover, which, unlike the public records, has been well known and constantly referred to by historical inquirers for upwards of two centuries and a half; and if such a thing as a good catalogue of MSS. exists, we should naturally expect that there was a good catalogue of those in the Cottonian Library. Nor, indeed, have efforts been spared to attain that object, for the collection has already been catalogued three times over, and it may fairly be admitted that Mr. Planta's catalogue is the most serviceable work of the kind that has yet appeared. Yet, considering the comparative simplicity of the task—for the volumes of the Cottonian Library have always been preserved in a certain classified order—the result cannot be considered very creditable to the palæographic skill and historical research of the compiler. And how far it fails in certain cases to point out matter of real value to the inquirer, a single instance, perhaps, may be sufficient to show.

At page 517 of Mr. Planta's catalogue, in the description of the contents of the MS. volume Titus B. I. occur the following two entries:—

23. Tho. Wnley (sic) to the Bp. of Winchester (Wolsey?) various news from Court, particularly about the intelligence received of Pope Leo Xth's dangerous illness and the succession. Windsor, Sept. 30, 1521? 97*

24. Tho. Wnley to the Bp. of Winchester: intelligence about the affairs of Spain, an unsuccessful encounter at sea with French ships, etc. Windsor, Aug. 26, 1521? 99

Now, here are no less than four very material mistakes in the first of these entries, three of which are repeated in the second. Notwithstanding the word "sic," which should be a guarantee for accurate transcription, the signature has been very strangely misread. It is not "Wnley," but "Wulcy," being, in fact, the signature of no less a person than Thomas Wolsey before he was made cardinal, or even held a bishopric. That being the case, of course we may strike out the query whether Wolsey was the Bishop of Winchester to whom it was addressed—a suggestion very absurd in any case, as during the time that he was Bishop of Winchester he was also Archbishop of York and cardinal, so that he would have been sure to be addressed by his higher dignities. Further, the date could not possibly be 1521, else the writer would have signed himself as Cardinal of York, and not simple "Thomas Wulcy." And

lastly, for the same reason, the pope, who was dangerously ill, could not possibly have been Leo X. Both the letters, in fact, were written nine years earlier than the date assigned to them. They were addressed to Fox, Bishop of Winchester (at that time chief minister of Henry VIII., though soon afterwards superseded in that capacity by the writer), in the year 1512, during the last illness of Pope Julius II.

Now, these are very important letters — important not only for the news that they convey, which is very curious and interesting, but still more for what they tell us of the writer himself at an early period in his career, and particularly of his relations with Bishop Fox, whom he is so often represented as having artfully supplanted. Wolsey is at this time at Windsor with the king, hearing the contents of every despatch received from abroad, and tendering advice, partly, it would seem, in his own name, but partly, it is quite clear, as the representative of Fox, whose instructions he apologizes for setting aside in some things, and whose absence from court he very much regrets. This, it will be seen, is a very different picture from that of the ambitious intriguing favorite whose arrogance is supposed to have disgusted veteran statesmen at the commencement of Henry VIII.'s reign, and made Fox withdraw in dudgeon from the council board.

Here, then, we find a regular crop of mistakes, all arising from the misreading of a single signature, and that the signature of a character of first-rate importance in history. The misreading could hardly have occurred if the compiler of the catalogue had made himself familiar even with the signatures of Wolsey as cardinal, for the identity of the handwriting would probably have struck him even between "Thomas Wolcy" and "T. Cardinalis Ebor." But if the compiler, instead of limiting his view to the work immediately before him, had been able to examine a mass of kindred papers, and if those papers, instead of lying at that time in total disorder in the Record Office, had been as accessible and well arranged as they are now, he would have found numerous instances of Wolsey's early signature, besides the two which he so unfortunately misread, merely for want of others to compare them by.

But even if he confined his attention to the later signatures of Wolsey, of which there are several specimens among the Cottonian MSS., a more careful study

even of these, if it did not preserve him from falling into this error, would assuredly have protected him from another which occurs in several places. The compiler describes a number of draft despatches as being in Cardinal Wolsey's handwriting, which are not in his handwriting; while, on the other hand, there are some really in Wolsey's hand of which no notice has been taken whatever. The result of this is that at least one material fact in the life of Wolsey remained unknown till a few years ago — namely, that he was sent on a mission to Scotland by Henry VII., about a year before that king's death; for though one of his despatches from the court of James IV. was printed long ago by Pinkerton from the original in Wolsey's own handwriting, its authorship was attributed to another person.

Yet even with drawbacks such as these, the catalogue of the Cottonian MSS. is really, on the whole, more satisfactory than those of the other collections, — at least, the collection itself is more easily consultable through the medium of its catalogue than almost any other; but this is doubtless due in part to the fact that there is a kind of imperfect order in the arrangement of the MSS. themselves, those relating to different countries being placed in different shelves.

With the Harleian MSS. it is otherwise. And yet these have been most elaborately catalogued, with an index *raisonné*, which one might suppose left nothing to be desired. Three large folio volumes are devoted to a description of the contents of the MSS. in the order in which they stand; a fourth is entirely occupied by the index *raisonné*. Who could wish anything more complete? Here we have the whole collection classified, and it is easy to ascertain at a glance what MSS. relate to history, what to biography, to genealogy, to philosophy, to medicine, to astrology, to science in general, or to literature. The historical MSS., again, are divided into those relating to general history, and those relating to particular countries and particular reigns. No kind of classification has been left out; and it ought to be frankly and gratefully owned that, for the purpose of ascertaining at once what light the Harleian MSS. may shed on any one department of human knowledge, no catalogue could possibly have been framed that would have given greater satisfaction.

But on how many fields of human

knowledge is it expected that the Harleian MSS. can shed any new light whatever? The man of science will not look at MSS.—at least, not with a really scientific end in view. Now and then, perhaps, some medical man, who has given up the active business of his profession, may amuse himself by examining the note-books of some old professor, or the exploded absurdities of medical alchemy. Or it may be some scientific biographer or historian may seek to trace the progress of great discoveries, like those of Harvey, Newton, and Galileo. But in such cases, it must be observed, the object cannot properly be described as scientific; it is antiquarian. It is quite out of the question to expect that new additions can be made to scientific knowledge from the unpublished literature of past ages; and the scientific classification of MSS. is not a classification that can be of much practical importance.

This false method, indeed, it may be hoped, is now altogether obsolete. But what plan should we adopt in its place? The answer is suggested by what we have just said. If it be only clearly understood that the value of old MSS. is not of a scientific, but of an antiquarian character, it will appear at once that, instead of a scientific classification by subjects, we ought to have an antiquarian classification by ages and periods. It has not yet been sufficiently recognized that by far the most important fact about any MS. whatever is its age. Indeed, for the most part the age is more important even than the contents; for if the historian only knew that such and such documents concerned his period, he might examine the contents and ascertain their value for himself; but if he can get no information how many out of a large collection of documents belong to any one particular century, it is probable that he will leave the whole collection alone, unless for the purpose of verifying the inferences of particular inquirers. To state the age of a MS. is therefore a piece of valuable information, even though nothing be said of the contents at all. But if it be thought an exaggeration on this account to say that the age of a MS. is in itself more important than the contents, there can be no doubt at all that the age of a MS., taken in connection with its contents, is the point above all others of which the knowledge is most essential. This point, in fact, would seem to be in itself so obvious that very little need be said to prove it. Suppose, for instance, we have a

MS. of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." Surely the first question, in estimating its value, must be whether it bears the marks of having been written during the author's lifetime, or at all near the period at which he flourished. A more modern copy is less likely to present an accurate text; and though a modern MS. of such a work might, under special circumstances, be more valuable than any ancient one now extant, it can never, in the nature of the case, possess the same authority. For, of course, the later the date of the MS., the more room for transcribers' errors to have crept into the text; and even though the text as a whole may be more complete or more intelligible in the later MS., the earlier will almost certainly contain many better readings, and afford a truer standard of the antique spelling.

So also in the case of ancient chronicles. In proportion to the intrinsic value of any such composition in itself must be the importance of obtaining a text from the earliest and most trustworthy sources; so that the age of any particular copy must always be the very first subject of inquiry. Nor is it otherwise with those briefer records and more formal documents from which so much historical evidence is derived on points of detail, such as royal warrants and grants from the crown, decrees, accounts of revenue or of expenses, and so forth. Yet hosts of these things are noticed in ordinary catalogues without so much as an intimation whether they be originals or copies; others are mentioned without the slightest attempt to ascertain their dates; while many original documents, on the other hand, are actually misdated.

For example, the very first volume of the Lansdowne MSS. is a collection of documents, chiefly of the Elizabethan period, with a few of earlier date at the beginning, some of these being originals, while others are only Elizabethan copies. Yet we are scarcely ever told in the catalogue when it is an original and when a copy. From the description of Article 9, for instance, which is declared to be a charter of 34 Edward I. (1306), we should naturally suppose it to be an original document in the handwriting of that period. It is really a copy (though on parchment) of the time of Queen Elizabeth. No. 33 is correctly described as "an original warrant of Henry VI.;" but No. 34, to which this description would equally apply, is not expressly called "original," but only said to be "a warrant," of which the

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compiler does not trust himself even to state by what king it was issued, although Henry's own signature, "R. H.," is at the head. Again, No. 37 would appear from the description to be another document of Henry VI.'s reign; but it is only an Elizabethan copy. The title is, "Provisions made for the Regulation of the King's Household, 1458." But the document itself says "23 Hen. VI.," which should be the year 1445, the date "1458" being added in a different hand. No 39, "A Commission to Seize the Lands of Richard, Duke of York, 38 Hen. VI., 1460," is really a contemporary copy; whereas Nos. 43 and 45 (dated 1488 and 1492 respectively) are in handwritings a century later. The former is, besides, very inaccurately described as to its actual contents.*

Now, may it not be expected of the compiler of a catalogue that, instead of describing in this rough, off-hand, and inaccurate way a number of documents on which he evidently had bestowed very little attention, he should take just the least degree of pains to verify their real dates? It is true that the greater number of the Lansdowne MSS.—especially of this first part of them, which consists of the Burleigh papers entirely—are not older than the time of Queen Elizabeth, and apparently the compiler was impatient of the few earlier documents as mere intruders in the collection, which ought to be dismissed with as little ceremony as possible. But surely if it is worth while to tell us about such a thing as "a warrant to the Archbishop of Canterbury as lord chancellor" † at all, it is worth while telling in whose reign the warrant was issued, and to what Archbishop of Canterbury holding the office of lord chancellor it was directed. And after some little trouble taken in points like these while cataloguing the MSS. as they stand in the volumes, perhaps it might not be too much to ask that a chronological arrangement should be given at the end of the work, by which those who wish to study from original sources the history of any one particular reign, may be able to

find at a glance all the chronicles and all the documents relating to it.

A catalogue of MSS. should, therefore, be the work of a skilled palæographer, who is able to pronounce a clear opinion, in the first place, as to the age of the handwriting, and who will make it his very first duty to divide the collection before him into centuries. For it may be taken broadly as a fact that mere antiquity confers upon MSS. a very considerable value, and that the older they are the more interesting they ought to be. Indeed, apart from other considerations, it may be said that tenth-century MSS. are generally a great deal more valuable than twelfth, that twelfth-century MSS. are more valuable than fourteenth, and that these again are decidedly more valuable than sixteenth or seventeenth. Why, then, should not a catalogue be formed describing the different MSS. of a library in the order of their antiquity? What a great advantage it would be to examine the whole MS. literature of one particular age by itself!

The process of cataloguing under such a system would be redeemed from the dullness with which it is commonly associated. By treating the work before him in periods the maker of a catalogue would be induced to bestow much more attention on the peculiarities of each successive epoch, not only in point of handwriting, but also in literary characteristics and in art. By referring to printed editions, and to other MSS. of the works that came under his notice, he would be able to throw much light on the formation of different texts. It is quite possible he might add some important chapters to the history of literature. Or if, as is very probable, he did not feel sure that his own palæographic and historical attainments qualified him to deal equally well with the MSS. of the most remote and of the most modern periods, he would call in the aid of specialists, by whom all the really important points about particular MSS. could be easily ascertained. Hitherto the catalogue-maker, with some exceptions, seems generally to have set about his task in the spirit of a day laborer, doing so much work by the hour without consultation with others. Henceforth, perhaps, we may hope to see a proper allotment of work to persons specially qualified.

One thing is clear, that until some such principle be adopted vast stores of information that might be made available to the historian are practically useless

* It is called "The commitment of Lords Dacre and Ogle to the Fleet for misdemeanors, 1488." Neither Lord Dacre nor Lord Ogle was committed to the Fleet in that year, but the former thirty-six and the latter forty-six years afterwards, as the document itself shows. It is, in fact, simply a paper of memoranda touching (1) a decree of the Council against Lord Graystock, dated 2nd Dec., 4 Henry VII. (*ibid.* is 1488); (2) the order for the commitment of Lord Dacre to the Fleet, 7th Dec., 16 Henry VIII. (1544); and (3) a like order against Lord Ogle, 4th May, 26 Henry VIII. (1534).

† Lansd. MS. I., No. 34.

Documents of one age sometimes lie buried in a heap of later ones. Constantly do we find them misdated in catalogues, so that even royal letters of one king are ascribed to another, not to speak of the strange mistakes, of which I have given specimens above, about letters written by others. The contents of unpublished papers, too, are so very insufficiently described, that a student with a special object in view must be often doubtful, from what he sees in the catalogues now in use, whether it be worth his while to consult the MSS. or not. This is a very serious drawback, which must cause, in many cases, to the investigator a great waste of labor; while in many more it may induce a feeling, not justified by the facts, that the examination of original documents would afford him little new information.

But if this new principle in cataloguing be adopted, it ought to be applied universally. It may or may not be desirable to have new special catalogues of each separate library in the British Museum, but the work should be done simultaneously there and elsewhere by the co-operation of a large staff of skilled palæographers. There is no reason, indeed, why we should not have one great chronological catalogue of the MSS. in all our public libraries. Much has been done of late years to facilitate the execution of such a work. As far as concerns the MS. materials for British history, the late Sir Thomas Hardy's catalogue, though unhappily left unfinished, is complete down to the end of the reign of Edward II. As far as the State papers of Henry VIII. are concerned, the work was done for half the reign by the late Professor Brewer. These two noble pioneers of documentary and historical study have unhappily both been taken from us, and it may well be said that there is none to fill their places. But their method, at least, need not and ought not to perish with them. We have only to proceed on the lines they marked out for us, and extend further the work which they so well began. It is more a question, after all, of having trained workers at our command than of any peculiar genius. Palæographic skill can certainly be acquired by any well-educated person with a few years' study and experience. We require but that two or three practised hands should co-operate on a right system, and it may be hoped that within a comparatively small number of years we may have efficient and comprehensive guide-books to

the whole body of the MS. treasures of this country.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

A LINK BETWEEN THE PRESENT AND THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

TIMES.

EUROPE at large will rejoice with Germany and Cologne that, by the completion of Cologne cathedral, its architectural treasures are enriched with another flower of Gothic art. European history itself seems to have been given a new connecting link by the literal fulfilment of an engagement made six hundred and thirty-two years ago. The plan of the year 1248 is consummated in the year 1880; the subjects of the emperor William receive the finished work with as little sense that it is an obsolete antiquity as if they had been subjects of a Hohenstaufen or of Rudolph of Hapsburg. It is seldom that the ages are bridged over thus by a solid structure of palpable stone, that the nineteenth century executes a manifest commission of the thirteenth. But tokens of a less material sort are visible everywhere that no element is irredeemably faded and perished which has once been incorporated in European life. The plan of the gorgeous façade and the two majestic towers working itself out in these days according to the exact intention of the architect, as he has pictured it for every tourist to view, appears, and with justice, a marvellous phenomenon. In itself it is far less strange and wonderful than that the municipal existence of Cologne, which alone has made this great event possible, should, like a thousand other greater and lesser cities throughout the Old World, have prolonged itself in innumerable qualities and features from the splendor of Roman times, through the darkness of the ruin which succeeded, into this prosaic age.

STANDARD.

THE persistency of human resolution in a work like the Cologne cathedral is curiously satisfactory to the mind, amid the perpetual changes and chances of mortal things. Since Babel men have been continually seeking to "build towers," literally and metaphorically, to make great States and kingdoms which should abide forever, to erect cities never to become desolate, to form systems of philosophy and religion which should

endure for all time. But against these poor human efforts after earthly immortality the stars in their courses have seemed to fight. The soaring towers have sunk "to ruinous heaps," and the bitter cries in the lonely marsh where stood the million-peopled city, and all our philosophies give place to other men's dreams—"Our little systems have their day, they have their day, and cease to be." And now, here amongst us, is one strange and striking exception to all this mutability. We have not merely left the work of our forefathers as they bequeathed it to us (which of itself, in these days of ruthless restorations, would be much), but we have done a more noteworthy thing. We have patiently and obediently gone on with their work, and, without varying or modifying it to our taste and fashion, have honestly and steadily fulfilled their ideal. A purpose has run unchanged through twenty generations. It may be safely said that no project unhallowed by religious feeling or unglorified by pious zeal would have had a chance of thus being adopted by the men of one age after another. It is, after all, essentially the feeling of awe and reverence and sense of dependence on the great Power above which has moved the generations of the builders of Cologne one after another, through all the variations of creeds and changes of opinion. If in earlier times some base alloy of "other worldliness"—of a desire to buy the pardon of Heaven with the offerings of earth—mixed itself too often with the sacred ambition to build a house of prayer which should be worthy of Him to whom it should be dedicated, yet this lower motive for the erection of the great religious edifices of the Middle Ages has for a long time ceased to play any important part in such undertakings. Men build splendid churches mainly and chiefly because they honestly desire to surround the worship of God with all the beauty of art and all the dignity which a noble edifice can be framed to convey.

From The Magazine of Art.
VICISSITUDES OF ART TREASURES.

IT is not many years since a Spanish muleteer was traversing one night with his string of mules a rather wild track in the neighborhood of Guarrazar not far from Toledo. The moon was bright, and the torrents of La Fuente de Guarrazar

had recently been swollen, but had now shrunk low in their beds. Something glistening in the path of the moonbeam caught his eye, or that of a woman who rode one of his mules. They stopped; it was something of bright metal. They scraped the loose, washed up soil away and disinterred a golden jewelled crown. This is no fairy legend, but a fact of our own day. They found a royal crown of gold and precious stones. The effect on these rude peasants' minds of such a sight, at such a moment, must be left to the reader's imagination to realize. Their disinterred treasure, moreover, was not alone; a buried hoard of untold value, hastily hid away in some moment of peril and never recovered, had come to light after more than a thousand years of oblivion. Ten crowns, circlets of gold with pendants of precious stones, were ultimately exhumed, together with other objects. Another and most important one afterwards rewarded the sagacity of some patient searcher, who suspected that the torrent might have swept part of the golden spoil further down its bed. At first these precious relics were shared among the peasants of the district; a few objects were sold and melted at Toledo; but, happily, there was near the spot some one keen enough to suspect their importance. A Frenchman in the neighborhood heard of the "find" and saw some of its produce; this, as may be supposed, whetted his curiosity; by degrees he obtained nearly all that had come to light—eight votive crowns—and these he carried to Paris, and offered them for sale at the Museum of Antiquities in the Hôtel Cluny, Paris. The director purchased them at once, and there they are now exhibited, chief among the treasures of that rich collection. They are rightly called "votive" crowns, that is, objects not for personal wear, but intended to be offered at a shrine and to be suspended near the altar. Their peculiar form would prove this, the circlets being of dimensions unsuited for wear—some too large, others too small in diameter, and having long pendants descending from them; some enriched with perforated precious stones, sapphires, amethysts, etc. In all probability they had been so suspended as an offering at some shrine—a Christian sanctuary existed in the Visigothic period near the spot—and at some dangerous crisis had been carried away either by a spoiler, or more likely, from their perfect state of preservation, by one seeking to save them. Thus they may have been hidden rudely

in haste and fear in the first remote spot that offered a chance of secure concealment, for in their placement there was no sign of the deliberate care and precaution against injury occasionally evinced in the discovery of treasure-trove, as, for example, in the wonderful find of antique Roman silver vessels exhumed a few years ago at Hildesheim, in Hanover. Those who in the wild and rugged district of Guarrazar buried this treasure no doubt themselves perished, and their secret died with them. Thus the silent and forgotten grave of these kingly offerings seemed to have closed over them forever, till some such cause as probably aided their entombment, the action of a mountain torrent, at length sufficed to disclose them, and they have come forth from their hiding-place, to be set up for the gaze, more curious than reverend, of tens of thousands.

From Land and Water.

SPORT IN THE OLDEN TIME: THE GAME
OF PALL MALL.

MANY have been the conjectures as to the derivation of this name, some asserting that it comes from the Italian, *palamaglio*, signifying a ball and a mallet; others, that we derive the word directly from the French, *palemaille*. Anyhow, it is very certain that Pepys, in his "Diary," when alluding to this game, writes it "pelemele," and records having seen Charles the Second's brother, the Duke of York, playing at it in St. James's Park on April 2, 1661. Charles formed the mall in St. James's Park for the purpose of playing this game; but previous to that there was a walk ornamented with trees on each side, where "pelemele" was played, and where now the street known as Pall Mall stands. The Merry Monarch was a very admirable player. Waller, in a poem written on St. James's Park, alludes to this:—

Here a well-polished mall gives us the joy
To see our prince his matchless force employ.

And doubtless it was a game that required great vigor, affording at the same time a fine field for displaying gracefulness of action. It has been said in some degree to resemble golf, but the object of the game appears to have been this—to drive a ball along a straight walk, and

through an elevated ring at the end. The player who succeeded in effecting this with the smallest number of strokes won the victory. The alley or walk was hardened and strewn with pounded shells, which were well beaten down until the surface became perfectly smooth, and the sides were boarded, in order to prevent the ball from going off the path. The effort to ring the ball must have required considerable practice and very great skill; and as the only known relics left us of this good old sport are a mallet and ball, engravings of which are to be met with in one or two works treating of ancient games, we can but dimly guess as to the exact rules laid down for the players, or know whether, as in golf, mallets of different shape and weight were used for the different strokes. It seems strange that in the present time, when there is a rage for the introduction of new games—witness polo—and an effort to revive old pastimes, such as ombre, some of the rising generation should not have re-introduced pall mall. That it must have been a sport conducive to health and unattended with danger there can be little doubt; for it was played in the open air, and if the poet's description be correct, youth, activity, manly grace, and vigor were all requisite to constitute a good pall mall, etc. We now make use, it is true, of our ponies' legs instead of our own, and I have heard it said that some of our fine young English sportsmen rest their manly bodies on chairs to shoot at driven birds, but I hope Mrs. Grundy was misinformed on this point. The original avenue for the game was made into a street at the time of the Commonwealth. *A propos* of the game of golf, did you ever hear that the phrase "getting into a scrape" originated in the north at golf? At that time the game was, one may say, peculiar to Scotland, and generally played on the downs, or, as they are called there, "links," near the sea; there are usually a great number of rabbits in such places, and the hole made by them in the ground when attempting to burrow is called "a scrape." Golf is played with a small, hard, elastic ball, which is driven from point to point by wooden or iron mallets (some term them clubs), so when the player's ball got into one of these said "scrapes" it was exceedingly difficult to get it out, and in some golfing clubs there was a rule made defining what was allowable for a player to do when he "got into a scrape."